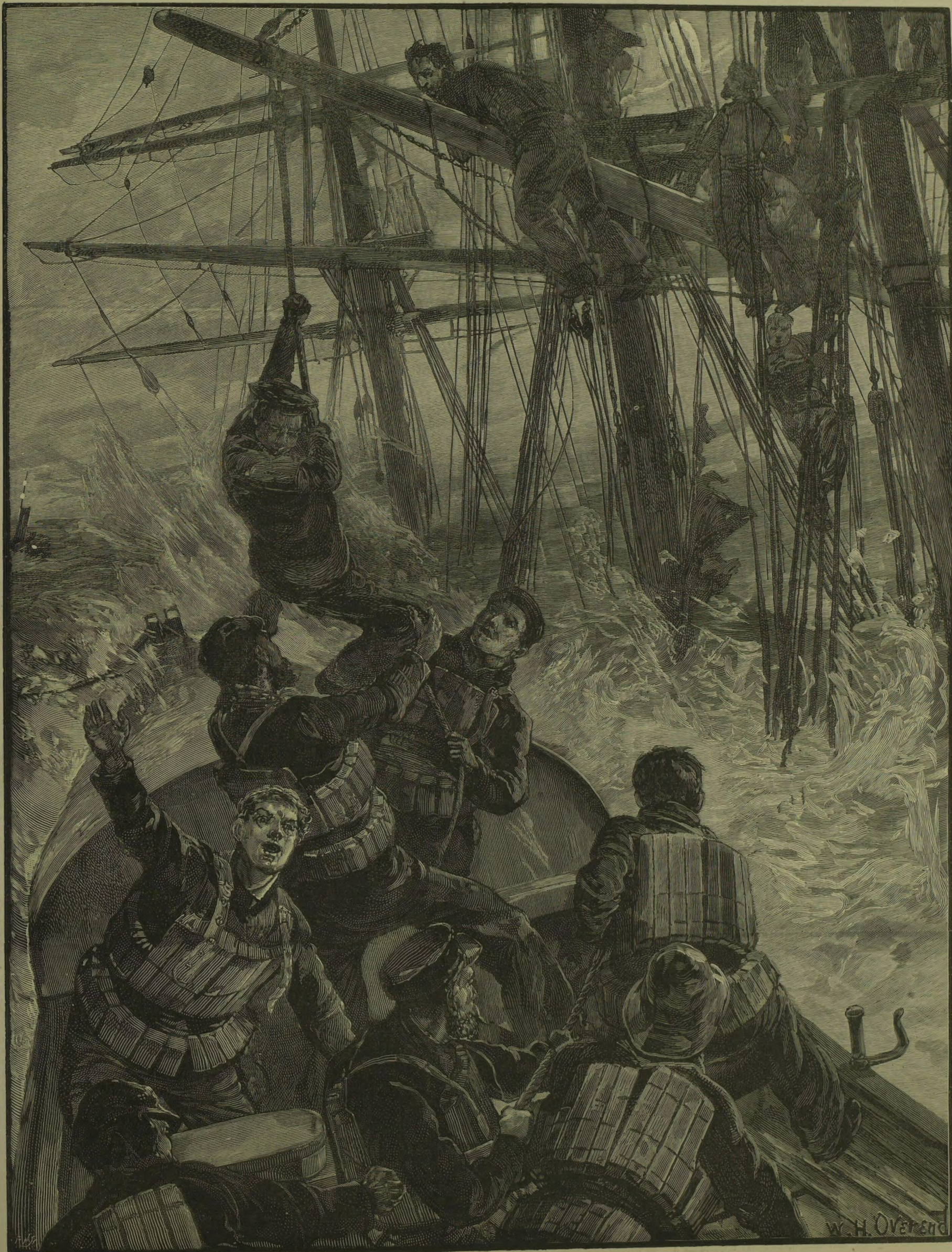


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE LATE STORMS.—WRECK OF THE *BENVENUE* AT SANDGATE: RESCUE OF CREW BY SANDGATE LIFE-BOAT, NOV. 11.

From Sketches by our Artist, and Description by the Coxswain of the Sandgate Life-boat.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In the account of the proceedings at the Lord Mayor's Banquet a speaker is reported to have expressed his intention to do his duty to "his Queen, his Country, and his God," surely a very improper inversion of terms. The individual case is of no consequence, but the error is noteworthy, as far as the first two terms are concerned, because it is constantly being made. A man may be the most loyal of subjects, and yet, unless he is a flatterer, may still possess some sense of comparison. What is very bad taste, courtiers sometimes put it in the mouth of Royalty itself to speak in this inverted fashion. One who dies in the service of the State dies, it may be truly said, for his king and country, but not in that order. It is placing the minor before the major. Monarchy exists for the benefit of the country, and for no other reason; the country (even in Russia) does not exist for the benefit of the king. When news was brought to a certain great admiral on shipboard by a political personage that England had become a republic, he regarded him sternly (knowing that the man had his own ends to serve), and replied, "I am here to drive the enemies of England from the seas, not to dictate her form of government"—a most proper, as well as reasonable, reply. It may be said of phrases that they are meaningless and conventional, but that can hardly be the view of those who use them; and, at all events, in these days of accuracy and "style," it is just as well to be correct.

The columns of *facétie* in our cheap periodicals are mainly supplied from America, there being, unhappily, no copyright in jokes, but it is pleasant to find that there is a danger in the appropriation. Up till now this has only existed with respect to stories, many of which have been transferred, without acknowledgment, from Transatlantic sources by enterprising publishers to their own columns, with results that they have not calculated upon: for "an original fiction" is discovered to have previously appeared in England, and the author, having been twice robbed, has sometimes the satisfaction (through his lawyer) of getting twice paid. A joke with a man's name in it, accusing him of a fraudulent transaction, was thus transferred the other day, and a man of the same name (which happened to be a singular one) has obtained damages from the English publishers of it. There was no suggestion of a libel having been intended, but the joke proved damage to his reputation. If this circumstance should put a stop to the "conveyance" of other people's goods, even of the jocular kind, it will be a matter for congratulation, for the practice in some quarters of stealing "copy" and passing it off as original has become much too common. Another consideration suggested by this case is the extreme difficulty of inventing a name in fiction which does not belong to a real person. There is hardly any novelist of repute who has not, at one time or another, suffered from it. Of course, if the imaginary person is invested with all the virtues, his material representative is not dissatisfied, and even acknowledges that the portrait is very like; but if he is made the villain of the story, he considers it a gross caricature. The more out-of-the-way and apparently impossible name the poor novelist selects, the more certain is he, if the person so described exists, to get into a row.

The controversy now going on as to the reasons why folk do not go to church is curious from the very opposite explanations that are given for it: there is a general agreement that the sermon is at the bottom of it, but as to why it should be so opinions differ. One gentleman—though he stands alone—thinks it is because sermons are too short; like some patent medicine of which only the seven-and-sixpenny bottles can be depended upon for a cure, he has no confidence in small doses of doctrine—you must be saturated with it in order to appreciate it thoroughly. A more numerous body assert that sermons are too long, and a large minority complain that they concern themselves with "the infidel" (not present) and not with the cases before them—namely, those of the congregation. A member of this last party has carried his views into practice a little further, by suggesting to the preacher what he should preach about. He had given out his text, when this gentleman arose, and (as though he were forbidding banns) begged him to put that aside as irrelevant and to select the following text, on which he (the stranger) had a real desire to be enlightened: "Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them put upon the fringe of their garments a ribbon of blue." The unfortunate minister, unwilling, and perhaps unable, to preach at sight upon such a very special subject, declined to obey him, and thereby, one fears, has added a unit to the ranks of discontent.

Why should the drum have become so constant a companion in this country to outdoor religion? The Catholic faith, though much given to processions and ceremonial observance, is seldom allied with noise. Its "drum ecclesiastic" is beaten "with fists instead of a stick" when it is beaten at all; but to our *sub Jove* Protestant worship it seems that the actual instrument is indispensable. One would think it was an article of faith when one sees what martyrdom the Salvation Army is undergoing at Eastbourne rather than relinquish it; but if so, it is quite a new one. The great apostles of the Reformation, and later of Nonconformity, never beat drums. One can hardly imagine Wesley calling in this instrument to assist his spiritual labours; though Huntingdon might have done so, if he had thought of it. A religious-poet of the period even expressed his dislike of it—

I hate the drum's discordant sound
Parading round and round and round.

There is no metaphorical significance in it such as attaches to the trumpet; it is "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Why has it become such a general favourite with our "religionists"? And, unfortunately, its favour is growing. A householder living next to a mission-hall has applied to a

London magistrate to entreat him to stop the continual drumming going on there, which has seriously affected his health; but the law is such that a private individual can obtain no redress in such a case, which requires to be appealed against as a nuisance by a whole neighbourhood. It is, of course, only those in the immediate vicinity of the noise who are seriously injured by it, so the rest have to put up with it. As to the reason why the drum is beaten, the magistrate knew no more than anybody else. "It is quite certain, however," he said, "that the motive is not Christianity"—in which most people will agree with him. It is, doubtless, the easiest and loudest method of advertising oneself combined with the greatest inconvenience to one's neighbour; and perhaps that is the motive. The right to beat drums on a Sunday under sick-room windows has become an article in the new programme of civil and religious liberty, and we shall probably soon see the drum paraded upon our political platforms along with the British lion and the small end of the wedge.

The Spaniards are notorious for a good many things, but a sense of humour is not among them. Their Minister of Marine has thrown up his portfolio—which may or may not include an income—in order that he may give himself the opportunity of fighting a duel. He did not take much advantage of it, since his antagonist and himself discharged four pistol-shots (presumably at long range) without hitting one another; but his friends were so impressed with his intentions (which may be described, as in the play, as "honourable, but remote") that they proposed to give him a public banquet. This he has had the good sense to decline; but, not to be balked in a chivalrous impulse, they decided to give him a serenade instead. What joy there would be in England—and especially to Mr. Punch—if our First Lord of the Admiralty could be got thus to cover himself with glory, and be serenaded (say, by the Christy Minstrels, going for once "out of their own hall" to do it)! But the Spaniards do not enjoy the incident in the least. What a waste of a nation's gaiety it seems!

There is a rumour of the establishment of a new sort of circulating library, which sounds too good to be true; for, if it were successful, it would do no harm to its older rivals, but, on the contrary, benefit them, since they would be certain to adopt the same course, with the same happy results. At present what is supposed to cause the flow of valueless books, and to check that of those worth reading, is the necessity imposed upon the libraries of taking copies of everything. However few these may be, the influx of rubbish, being very large, causes little money to be left for expending on meritorious books, whence arises the very natural complaint of the good authors that their editions are "starved"; and it is certain that the difficulty of getting books of the better class from the libraries is far greater than it used to be. In the new institution it is boldly proposed to boycott the rubbish, and to take books only upon their merits, or on the popularity that is known to attach to their authors. It will be necessary for the former purpose to provide a large staff of capable "readers," but that is the chief expense to which it will be liable. In all other respects the undertaking will be far cheaper to conduct than those upon the present lines, while, if judiciously carried out, it will offer a guarantee to the ordinary subscriber that their book-boxes will at least be free from the mere ballast with which, by the necessity of the case, they are now so largely made up. It is an experiment which should be welcomed by everybody, including the lending libraries themselves.

An eminent firm is trying the experiment of publishing three-volume novels in one-volume form, at half the price at which the three volumes have hitherto been sold to the libraries. The result will be looked forward to with interest. If the libraries take quantities in proportion to the reduction of price, the plan may succeed, but otherwise it is difficult to see how publisher, author, or even the readers of fiction can be benefited. For these last, under present arrangements, get their novels in a cheap form, after a reasonable interval, and I cannot learn that they are so greedy for new ones as to form queues at the library door in order to obtain them on their first appearance.

The attempts to pierce the mystery that enshrouds the life of the greatest thinker and writer the world has ever seen have, however interesting in themselves, hitherto been very unsatisfactory. But it now seems probable that the investigation into the cause of his death pursued by a correspondent of a medical journal in New York, and endorsed by our own *Lancet*, has had a successful result. His conclusion is that Shakspeare died of pneumonia. His age was fifty-two, a period of life very liable to that malady, and the time of his death one when, to those who are weak of lung, the English climate is especially dangerous. The theory, one is sorry to find, appears to corroborate the belief that the poet died in consequence of a drinking bout, though not of a fever, for, as the journal in question remarks, "Fever does not come in this way; pneumonias do." Finally—what is very pathetic—an argument for this view is deduced from the appearance of the cast of the face taken after death: the look which has been described as "the true pneumonic physiognomy," that of one who "has been tired unto death."

If he did not know that Anthony Trollope was no more, a reader who took up "The New Rector" might well suppose that he was reading Trollope, and during that novelist's best period. And yet Mr. Weyman is no copyist. It is only that when he writes on modern life (for he is sometimes an historical novelist) he is of the same school and gives his attention more particularly to the clergy of the Church of England. Mr. Lindo, the rector, Mr. Clode, the curate, are both admirably depicted, though the latter is drawn, as it were, with a black tie—i.e., in somewhat too sombre colours. Curates are seldom so wicked as this one; but, on the other hand, Mr. Bonamy, the

country lawyer, restores the average by turning out a better man than we expected. Nor will Jack—unselfish Jack—also a lawyer, though belonging to "the higher branch of the profession," fail to please. As for Kate Bonamy, most readers will fall in love with her, notwithstanding that she does not move in those uppermost circles of Claversham to which they are so fortunate as to have the *entrée*. What is really very curious, though we have had so many clerical stories, the plot of "The New Rector" is a brand-new one, and yet quite within the range of probability.

HOME NEWS.

The Queen returns from Balmoral on Saturday, Nov. 21, and Lord Salisbury is to have an audience of her Majesty at Windsor Castle on Sunday, Nov. 22. Her Majesty goes to Osborne on Dec. 22 for two months.

The Prince of Wales's recent shooting-party at Sandringham consisted of the Duke of Clarence, his brother the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife.

The Prince is now at Marlborough House, where Prince George is lying ill with a slight attack of typhoid fever. The Prince seldom leaves the house, except for fresh air, and personally attends the consultations of the physicians. His Royal Highness, moreover, himself indites the telegrams which are sent to the Queen, to the Princess at every point in her homeward journey, to other members of the royal family, and to the Sovereigns and others who are constantly inquiring as to Prince George's progress.

The Duke of Connaught, in presenting the prizes, on Nov. 17, to the 2nd Hants Artillery Volunteers, observed that Volunteers should have a recognised position, and be told off for duty to which they would get accustomed.

At its meeting on Nov. 17 the London County Council resolved, by 39 votes against 12, that, subject to the Hackney District Board agreeing to contribute £10,000, or one fifth of the cost, it would offer £50,000 for Hackney Marsh, an area of 337 acres, in order to secure it as a public recreation-ground.

Presiding over the triennial festival of the Charing Cross Hospital at the Hôtel Métropole on Nov. 17, the Lord Mayor announced that Mr. Passmore Edwards had undertaken to provide a convalescent home for the hospital at an estimated cost of £8000. The site, which is at Clacton-on-Sea, has been presented by Mr. Drummond, and is of the value of £2000.

The victory of the Anti-Parnellite, Mr. Flavin, in the Cork election has in nowise abated the fury of the faction war which is being carried on in Ireland. Mr. Davitt has addressed a dignified protest against Mr. Healy's attacks on Mrs. Parnell, which Mr. Healy published in the *National Press*, under the title "Cui Bono?" Meanwhile, a fresh disputant will arrive on the scene in the shape of the *Independent*, a daily Parnellite journal, which, according to rumour, is to appear on Dec. 10. It is believed that the price will be one penny, so that the undertaking is of considerable magnitude. The promoters threaten violent reprisals on Mr. Healy, in the shape of "personal revelations" affecting the private characters of the Anti-Parnellite members. A National Fund has been started, promoted by the *Freeman* and the *National Press*; but up to the present the amounts received are not large.

The result of the polling in South Molton was declared on Saturday, Nov. 14, Mr. G. Lambert, the Gladstonian candidate, being elected by a majority of 1212 over Mr. C. Buller, the Unionist candidate, a return to the representation of 1885, but with a smaller majority for the Gladstonians.

The prolonged struggle between the Corporation of Eastbourne and the local Salvationist corps has been slightly modified, the Salvationists agreeing not to play their instruments, and the crowd refraining from any serious attacks on them. Meanwhile the Court of Queen's Bench has decided to grant a rule to show cause why the venue of the trial of Salvationists for conspiracy and unlawful assembly should not be removed to London. The application was made against the Mayor of Eastbourne, and the counsel for the "Army" maintained that a state of terrorism existed in the town which would render a fair trial impossible.

A violent gale occurred in all parts of the United Kingdom on Nov. 11, and exciting scenes were witnessed off the coast. The Dungeness life-boat lost five of its crew, and near Hythe a French schooner was wrecked and three lives lost. Tragedies of kindred character, referred to in connection with our Illustrations, occurred at Hythe, Sandgate, and Dover.

The eclipse of the moon on Nov. 15 was but imperfectly witnessed in London, the clouds during the night being generally very dense, although between ten and eleven o'clock some interesting glimpses of the progress of the earth's shadow were obtained.

The Colston anniversary banquets took place on Nov. 13 at Bristol. Sir M. Hicks-Beach, at that of the Dolphin Society, responded to the toast of "Her Majesty's Ministers." He said they did not fear the judgment of their countrymen, provided only that judgment was founded on real knowledge. What they protested against was a judgment founded on misrepresentations and uninstructed prejudices. Modern Radicalism, he maintained, lacked one quality that used to be the boast of the Liberal Party—the quality of intelligent and independent thought on political affairs. Lord Carrington, at the rival Anchor dinner, responded to the toast of "The Liberal Party." He observed that the Tories, by their autocratic policy, maintained the divine right of Englishmen to rule the Empire. Liberals, on the contrary, contended that all British subjects of European race should be regarded as political equals. The Tory policy, if persisted in, his lordship said, must eventually destroy the Empire.

The Bishop of London presided on Nov. 12, in the Church House, at a meeting of the Guild of St. Paul, to express sympathy with the sufferers by the earthquake in Japan. On the motion of Lord Nelson, seconded by Canon Newbold, a resolution was passed pledging continued support to the Church Missions in Japan, and especially to the St. Andrew's and St. Hilda's Missions in Tokio. Canon Trefusis proposed another resolution, expressing sympathy with the sufferers by the earthquake, and seeing in the disaster a fresh call for missionary effort. This was also adopted, and the Rev. S. Bickersteth announced that he had received a telegram from his father, the Bishop of Exeter, stating that, although they were in the district where the earthquake occurred, he and his party were safe.

Mr. Ritchie, the President of the Local Government Board, presented the prizes to the members of a cricket association connected with Victoria Park on Nov. 12. He said he attached great importance to everything which promoted, as cricket did, the physical development of the people, and he told some amusing stories of the influence exercised by a match at Lord's over the Legislature.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE HON. LEWIS WINGFIELD.

This gentleman, who died at his London residence, in Montague Place, on Nov. 12, had shown much versatility of talent. A brother of Viscount Powerscourt, and born in 1842, he was originally intended for the Diplomatic Service. But the profession was distasteful to him; he became for a time an actor, and appeared on the boards of a popular West-End theatre some four-and-twenty years ago. His stage fever was soon over, and after working hard for a time at painting he studied surgery in Antwerp. At the time of the Franco-Prussian War he was in Paris, a student of Edouard Frère, the painter; he remained in that city during the siege, and devoted himself to tending the wounded, and worked hard in the ambulance department, where his knowledge of surgery stood him in good stead; he also acted as war-correspondent for the *Times* and *Daily Telegraph*. Not long afterwards he appeared in the new character of a novelist. The work by which he will probably be best remembered is "Lady Grizel," a powerful story, dealing with the incidents which marked the life of the notorious Duchess of Kingston, from whom he undoubtedly drew the picture of his beautiful and unprincipled heroine. Mr. Lewis Wingfield was an enthusiastic traveller, and was one of the earliest Englishmen to penetrate into the interior of China and Tartary; his book "The Globe-Trotter" enjoys a well-earned reputation. He was in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. As a designer of stage costumes, such Shaksperian revivals as that of "Romeo and Juliet" by Mary Anderson at the Lyceum in 1885, and of "Antony and Cleopatra" by Mrs. Langtry at the Princess's a few months ago, prove him to have been an expert both in accurate archaeological detail and in stage effect. Mr. Wingfield superintended the arrangement of the historical gallery of costumes at the International Health Exhibition, at South Kensington, a few years ago, and wrote notes on that subject. He was an absolutely fearless and independent critic, and his loss will be mourned by a very large circle of friends and acquaintances. He was married to a daughter of the late Earl of Castletown.

THE NOMINATION OF SHERIFFS.

The ancient and honourable English office of "Shire-reeve," or Bailiff of the Crown for each shire or county of the Kingdom, was originally the agency for collecting the revenues, the rents, fees, tolls, customs, fines, aids, and subsidies due to the Crown. Hence it was dependent on the Court of Exchequer, which every sheriff was obliged to attend personally, at Michaelmas, bringing his accounts and money. The rules and ceremonies are described in a recent work, by Mr. Hubert Hall, F.S.A., "Antiquities and Curiosities of the Exchequer," with a preface by Sir John Lubbock, forming one of the volumes of the Camden Library (published by Mr. Elliot Stock.) But the sheriffs, as is well known, are charged also with executing the judgments of civil and criminal courts of law. Hence it is, in recognition of their former twofold duties, that on Nov. 12, St. Martin's Day, in the present year, following the custom of seven centuries in England, the ceremony of nominating the High Sheriffs for England and Wales (with the exception of Lancashire and Cornwall) took place in the court of the Lord Chief Justice, and under the presidency of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Queen's Remembrancer read out the names of the gentlemen down on the list for the various counties. In cases where he had not the required three names for submission to her Majesty, the judge of the assize which includes the particular county supplied those of persons suitable for the post. The Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, who wore his official robes of rich moiré silk, heavily embroidered with gold lace, was supported on

in nearly every case the excuse was accepted by striking out the name. The list, which occupied an hour in revision, would be submitted to her Majesty, who performs the ceremony of "pricking the sheriffs" by putting a mark against one of the three names submitted. This has been done, of course, and the list of the sheriffs appointed has been published in the *London Gazette* and the daily newspapers. The Corporation of the City of London elects not only its own sheriff but also a sheriff of Middlesex.

constitutional or political reason against it, and it is an agreeable social incident. His lordship also showed much good sense, though a very wealthy peer, enriched by the trade of that port, which owes its great extension of late years to the docks constructed by him and his predecessors, when he accepted without demur the ordinary grant of the Corporation for expenses of the mayoralty, so as not to provoke an invidious comparison to the prejudice of future mayors. His term of municipal office has been marked by an important event—the Congress of the British Association of Science; and all his functions have been gracefully and ably performed. On retiring, the Marquis of Bute has presented to the Corporation a handsome "Loving-Cup," of silver, gilt and jewelled, with figures modelled by Mr. W. Birnie Rhind; the whole designed and manufactured by Messrs. James Crichton and Co., Edinburgh.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN JAPAN.

The Japanese Consulate-General has issued an appeal for subscriptions for the relief of sufferers from the recent terrible earthquake in Japan. The Great Northern Telegraph Company and the Eastern and Eastern Extension Telegraph Companies have kindly volunteered to send cable messages gratis in connection with the fund, and money will be remitted to the local Governors of the Kawachi and Gifu Prefectures, to be distributed as they think fit among the sufferers there. Subscriptions can be sent to Mr. N. Okoshi, Acting Consul-General, London.

We have given some account of the earthquake, which happened on Oct. 28, extending over a part of the principal island, Nippon, to the west or south-west of Yokohama, towards the Bay of Osaka, which is near the eastern entrance to the Inland Sea of Japan. The towns which suffered most were Ogaki and Gifu, in each of which places the earthquake was followed by a great fire, breaking out, probably, from the wooden houses falling in upon the stoves or hearths of domestic use, for it is not stated that there was any volcanic fire. At each of these towns the number of lives lost is reckoned at more than a thousand. The city of Nagoya, with 125,000 inhabitants, connected by railway with Tokio, the Japanese capital, and with Yokohama, the chief European seaport, is said to have received much damage. Other instances of havoc are mentioned in reports from places inland; but there are no accounts of great destruction in the large commercial city of Osaka, or in its seaport, which is Kobe, near Hiogo, on the shore of the bay farther west. Our Views of those places, from which the scenes of the recent earthquake are easily accessible, will nevertheless be interesting to the reader. The whole region between these towns and the mountain range which terminates in the celebrated mountain Fusiama, or Fuji Shan, sixty miles from Yokohama, is populous, fertile, and wealthy, having a very active trade. The loss of property from the late terrible calamity must be immense, causing great misery to vast multitudes of people.

ROYAL MARRIAGE AT DRESDEN.

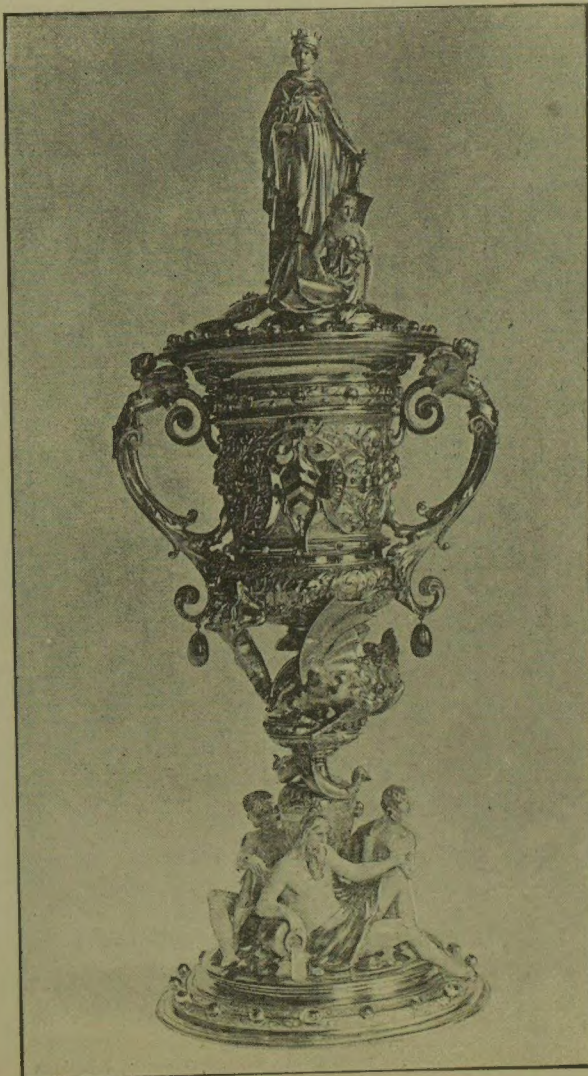
The marriage of Prince Frederick Augustus, nephew and heir of the King of Saxony, and the Archduchess Marie Louise of Hapsburg-Lorraine, daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, would take place at Dresden on Saturday, Nov. 21, and the honeymoon would be spent at Prague. His Royal Highness, born May 25, 1865, is eldest son of Prince George, Duke of Saxony, the brother of King Albert I., by Duchess Maria, a daughter of King Ferdinand of Portugal, who was also a Prince of Saxe-Coburg. The Grand Ducal House of Tuscany has, since Italy gained national unity, ceased to be a reigning family, but retains its rank, of course, and is an offshoot of the Austrian Imperial House of Hapsburg-Lorraine, formerly reigning at Florence. In some non-political aspects Dresden might be regarded as the Florence of Germany; but the Saxon kingdom, though much diminished, having a population of less than three millions, has not been absorbed by Prussia; and, by



THE LATE HON. LEWIS WINGFIELD.

A CUP FOR THE CARDIFF CORPORATION.

The Marquis of Bute, in accepting and performing the dignified and useful office of Mayor of Cardiff during the past twelve-month, has set an example, rare but not unprecedented, which may happily be followed by other noblemen; there is no

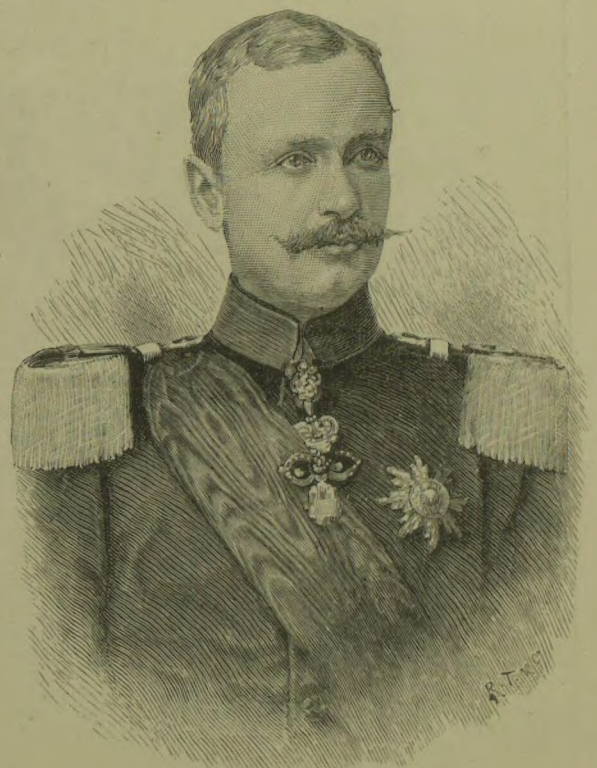


LOVING-CUP PRESENTED BY THE MARQUIS OF BUTE TO THE CORPORATION OF CARDIFF.



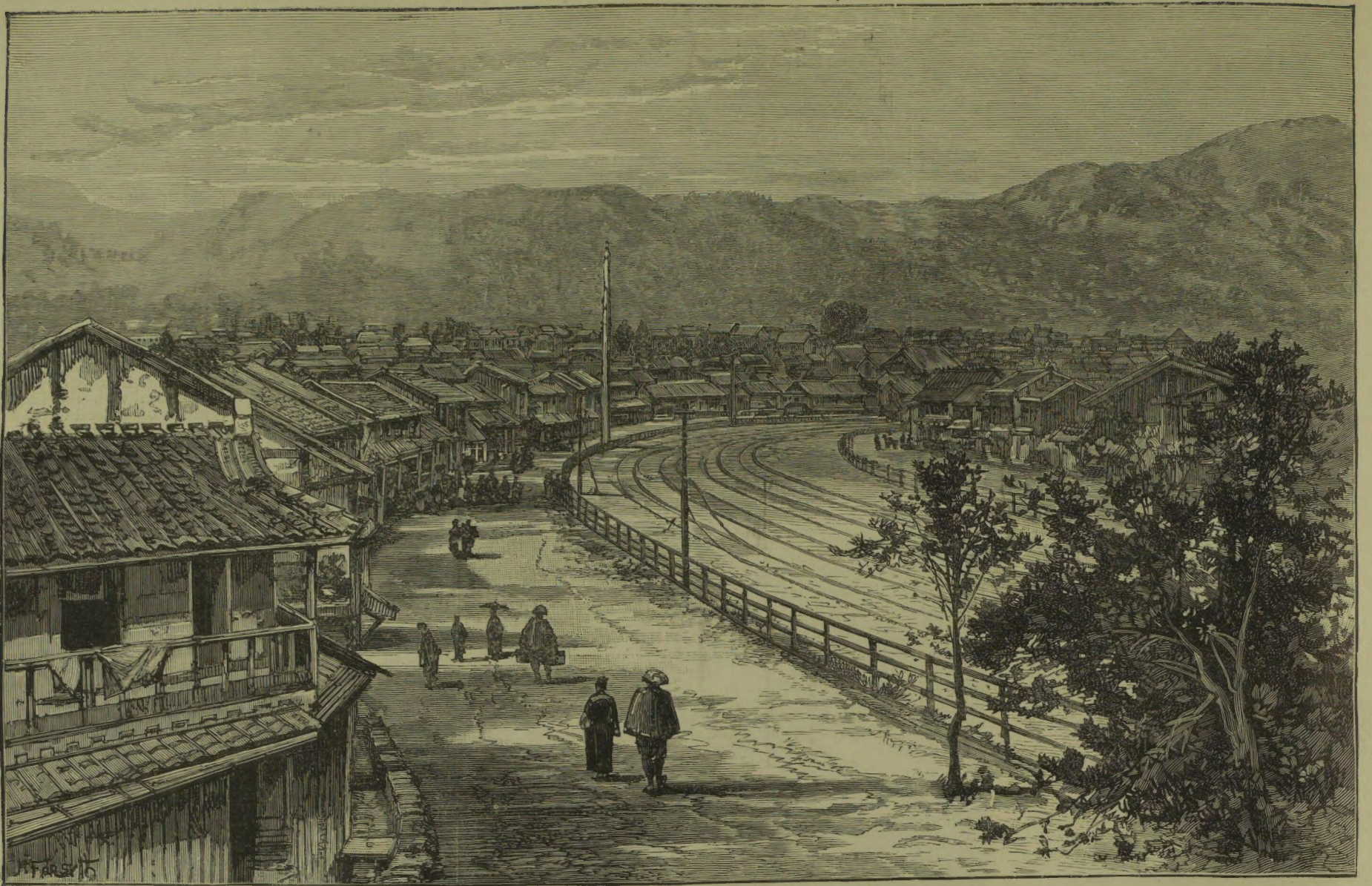
THE ARCHDUCHESS MARIE LOUISE OF TUSCANY.

his right by Lord Coleridge and the representatives of the Government, Commissioners of the Treasury or Exchequer, Lord Ashbourne, Viscount Cranbrook, and Lord Cross, and on his left by five judges, Justices Hawkins, Mathew, Smith, Lawrance, and Wright. There was, as usual, a batch of letters from those who wished to decline the honour, and

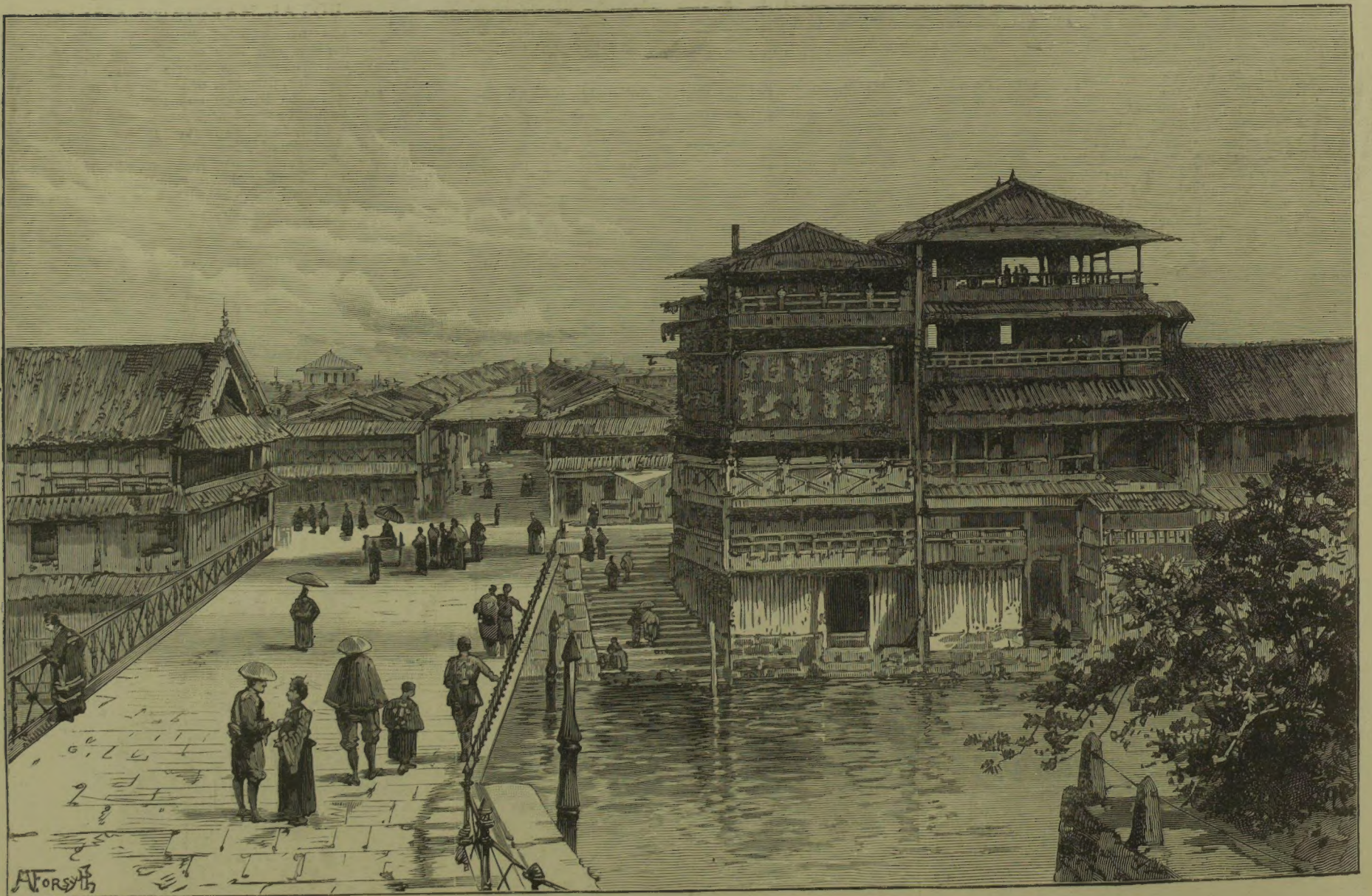


PRINCE FREDERICK AUGUSTUS OF SAXONY.

the intellectual activity of its educated middle classes, Saxony has rendered services to German literature, philosophy, science, and art not inferior to those of the larger and more powerful States of the Empire. The majority of Saxons are Lutheran Protestants, but the royal family adheres to the Roman Catholic Church.



RAILWAY LINE NEAR KOBÉ.



YEBISU-BASHI, OSAKA.

THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE IN JAPAN.



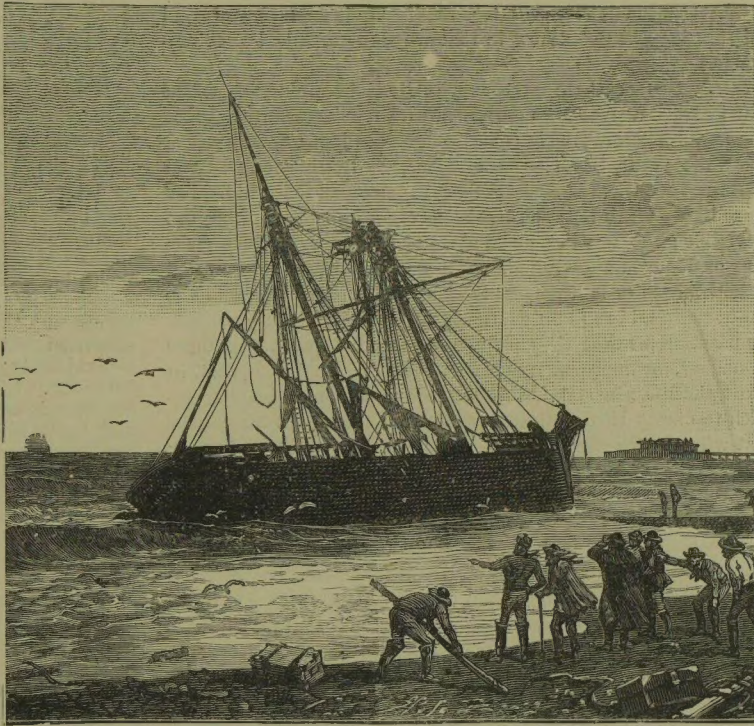
THE BENVENUE, AT SANDGATE, THE MORNING AFTER THE WRECK.



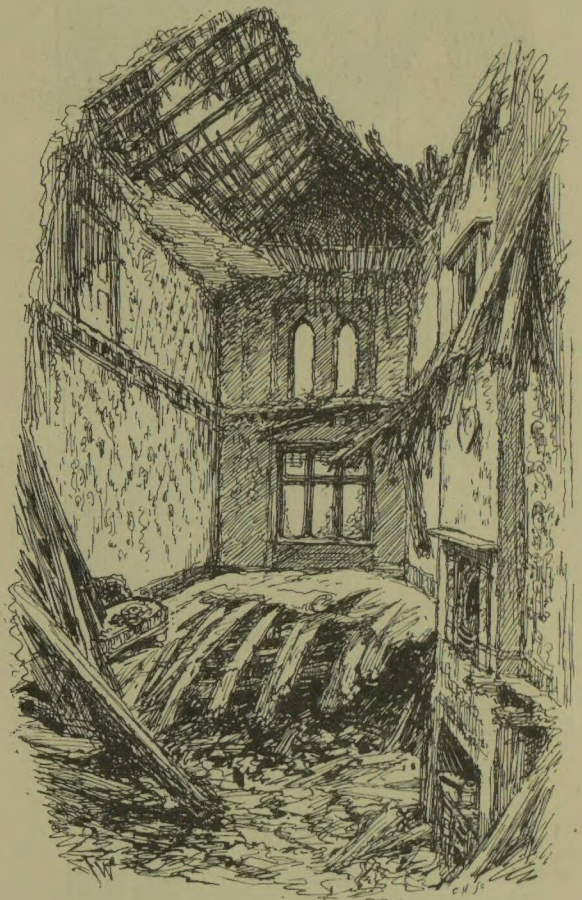
THE PFLÜGER, GERMAN SHIP, BEACHED AT ST. LEONARDS.



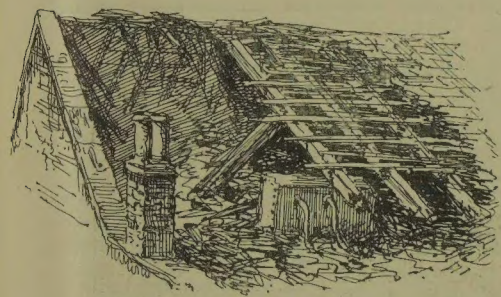
GOthic HOUSE, LISMORE ROAD, EASTBOURNE.



WRICKED SCHOONER NERISSA ON THE BEACH AT HASTINGS.



GOthic HOUSE, LISMORE ROAD, EASTBOURNE.



TIDESWELL ROAD, EASTBOURNE
ATTIC WITH ROOF OFF.

THE LATE STORM ON THE KENT AND SUSSEX COASTS.

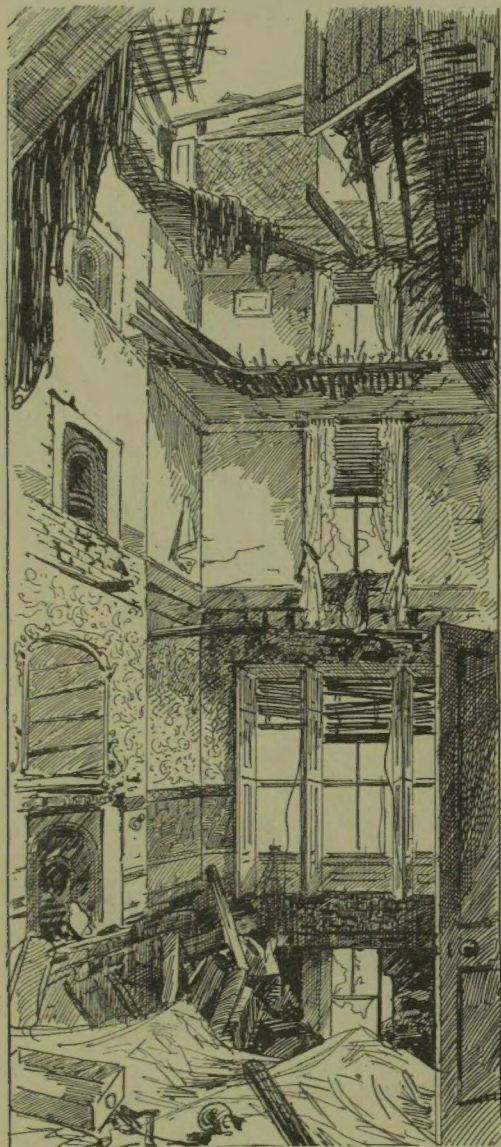


SURVIVORS OF THE BENVENUE AT SANDGATE.

THE LATE STORMS.

The violent gale on the coasts of Kent and Sussex, on Wednesday, Nov. 11, had destructive effects in many places. The worst disaster to shipping was at Sandgate, where a three-masted vessel of 2000 tons, the *Benvenue*, owned by Messrs. Watson Brothers, of Glasgow, which had sailed the day before from London for Sydney, broke from the steam-tug which was towing her, and drifted, stranding three hundred yards from the shore, opposite Wellington Terrace. At seven o'clock in the morning her hull was under water; most of the crew were in the mizzen-top or in the rigging; the sea was so high all day that repeated efforts of different life-boat men failed to get at the wreck. It was not till nine in the evening that the Sandgate life-boat could rescue the survivors—twenty-seven in all—who were brought into Folkestone harbour. The captain and four men of the crew were drowned. Mr. David Philpott, coxswain of the life-boat, described the action to our Artist next day.

The French schooner *Eider*, of Bordeaux, went ashore between Hythe and Sandgate; the captain, his wife, and a boy, his nephew, were drowned, but four men were saved. At Aldrington, opposite Portslade, west of Brighton and Hove, towards Shoreham, there were two wrecks: that of the French schooner *Ville de Paris*, whose crew were rescued by the coast-guard with the rocket-lines; and that of the *John Roberts*, from a Welsh port, in which second instance three lives were lost, the captain and his son and a seaman. The Brighton life-boat when summoned, at four o'clock in the afternoon, started with much alacrity, but was just five minutes too late when the vessel broke up. At Hastings, a German ship, the *J. C. Pflüger*, returning from San Francisco to Bremen, drifted



INTERIOR OF HOUSE IN LANGHORNE GARDENS, FOLKESTONE, AFTER THE STORM.

on the sand-bank. The coastguard men instantly got their rocket apparatus to work, aided by many civilians, among whom were Lord Cantelupe and several clergymen. The Charles Arcoll life-boat was launched through the raging surf, but, with three men at each oar, could make no way, and had to drop anchor, hoping to catch the lines attached to casks thrown out by the crew. Twelve rockets were fired, the last of which carried a line into the rigging of the ship. A hawser was got across, and all on board were safely carried ashore—one lady passenger, two children, a gentleman, nineteen others, mates, seamen, and the captain. Later in the day, six men were saved by the coastguard at Hastings from a schooner ashore near the Russian Gun. The *Whorling* life-boat rescued the crews of two vessels, fourteen men altogether.

A complimentary dinner was given on Monday, Nov. 16, to the crew of the Sandgate life-boat, and to the coastguard men and the soldiers from Shorncliffe Camp, for their brave and active conduct in saving lives on Nov. 11. The Dover life-boat crew, who came round to Sandgate to aid the *Benvenue*, will receive a testimonial. The crews of the Lydd and Dungeness life-boats, two of whom sacrificed their own lives to a similar duty, will not be unrewarded. The Rev. Cyril Robins, curate of Lydd, was one of the volunteers in the Littlestone life-boat, who toiled five hours and rescued eight men from a Swedish vessel.

On land, in the seaside towns, especially Folkestone and Eastbourne, much damage to houses was occasioned by this storm. Three adjacent houses in Langhorne Gardens, Folkestone, had their tall chimney-stacks blown down; the roof of No. 8, a four-storey building, was smashed in; and the brickwork of the chimneys fell through all the floors to the basement, making the whole interior a complete wreck. At Eastbourne, in Lismore Road, the chimney-stack of Gothic House, next to the Caldecott Museum, was blown down, and demolished one side of the building. The cook, a woman named Ames, at work in the kitchen in the basement, was found dead. One of the beams had penetrated her chest, and she must have been killed instantly. The housemaid fell through the flooring of an upper room, down to the bottom of the house, but got away safely.

A PAGE FROM ZADKIEL.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Six or eight years ago, as if by inspiration whispered from the unknown, speculation arose as to whether this century also was to end with revolutions and wars and their accompanying tribulations. Was history again to repeat itself at the close of so enlightened, emancipated, and flourishing a century as the nineteenth? Favoured by the superstition which Culture has not eradicated yet, this apprehension has no doubt dwelt in many minds since it was first expressed, though it dropped out of newspapers and reviews long ago. Yet between that time and this the portents of a very busy time for Convulsion have accumulated prodigiously. Even in the physical world, what period has been more crowded with violences and disasters than the last quarter of this century? In its middle period earthquakes were more a matter of tradition than experience, and popular lecturers spoke of the gradually solidifying crust of the earth, and the dying down of the fires beneath the crust, as accounting for the difference in a complete as well as a satisfactory way. Since then the world has been shaken by eruptions more terrible than any recorded in any known form of writing; less awful shocks have been frequent; and what a story of storm and flood and air-borne pestilence has been told within the last half-dozen years! At one time it used to be thought that these convulsions of nature wrought upon the spirits of men—that there was some mysterious connection between them and wars and tumult. That is probably the belief still in China; and it is reasonable everywhere when famine, so often a consequence of natural disturbances, comes into the account. But we of the Western world believe no longer in any mysterious connections of the kind. What is not immediately explicable is coincidental; and all that is to be noted now in that way is a great deal of coincidence.

Only two or three persons who lived before the crash of the great Revolution are known to have foreseen what was coming. There were signs and tokens in plenty to be marked after the event, but the generation that lived amongst them could not see them because they were too close, it is said. The more likely truth is that these same signs and tokens were not so visible; the writing on the wall was brought out by the fires of doom in accomplishment. But whether they are fated to be fulfilled or not, portents of storm and earthquake in the world political are plain enough now, and that in all quarters. To me it seems that they were never more voluminous, more menacing, or more universal. Of course we know that, in great affairs as in small, misfortunes that come creeping up with the most threatening aspect often disappear altogether just when they seem about to spring upon us; and so it may be with these advancing portents of commotion and convulsion half the world over. But at present there they are, as substantial as we can expect such warnings ever to be. With all its prosperity and the enormous advantage of lying quite without the European system, even the American continent is not so clear of future trouble as it looked a little while ago: there the prospect speaks of annexation—changes that would have a great effect in Europe, both politically and commercially, and there, too, is a fast-spreading undergrowth of Socialism of the most ferocious type. As yet, however, neither of these things is sufficiently marked to engage attention. If we look elsewhere, we see that China, for example, is far more disturbed than it has been since the Taiping rebellion was crushed; that the sources of disturbance are deep, apparently, and that they underlie a great deal that is English. An explosion before the century closes would be no surprise to some who know the country best. If we come nearer home—and it is quite enough to look to Europe alone—we see no great nation with a prospect of tranquillity. There is no such prospect for us. No doubt we are much better off than some, especially if the immediate outlook alone be considered. Yet only a little boldness of speech is necessary to declare that the one system of government upon which the Empire can repose with safety—namely, the Parliamentary or party system—is at this moment breaking down in all essentials. No competent observer of any political complexion doubts it; only the conviction that it is so is not allowed a voice partly because it doesn't do to be "pessimist," and partly because things may yet take a turn for the better. But whatever the stability of British institutions, however insignificant Socialist disruption here, however prosperous our trade and commerce spite of hostile tariffs, no great Continental explosion can occur without shaking England. Pass we, then, over the Channel to look about us there; and no sooner is that done than we find ourselves not merely surrounded by inferential portents drawn from matters of opinion, but in the presence of masses of visible fact, as indubitably symptomatic as drawn knives in a tavern brawl. There are two fresh reasons for looking at those enormous armaments with apprehensive eyes. The first is that, vast as they are, orders have just gone out for increasing them; the next is that these additions are ordered when all Europe is aware of a sudden decline in industrial prosperity, and when by no means the last thing to be feared is a financial crash in every great Continental capital. Everywhere the peoples burning with a well-kindled anger at their poverty; everywhere the poverty more bitterly felt as a few of the comforts of life are just tasted and then lost again; everywhere a decline in the means of living (for a time, at any rate), while the burden of war-preparation is increasing; everywhere the hatreds of nations inflamed by their Governments, and all made worse by the personal hostility of two great military autocrats, neither accounted perfectly wise. To crown all, a dearth which, while it is felt beyond the western borders of Russia, is devastating whole provinces in that country, with what excitements to rebellion cannot be measured, nor what temptations to regard it as an opportunity for war. None of these things are bile-engendered phantasies; they are actualities as solid as any; and though their natural consequences may be all averted, what they do portend is that this century will close amid extraordinary commotion and change.

Usually the signs of the times are read too late. These are too obvious to be missed; and if we will only acknowledge them—all of us, merchants, politicians, party leaders of all varieties—and act accordingly, not much lasting harm need be feared in this tight little island. But neglect will not do.

SARASATE: AN APPRECIATION.

Short, alert, broad-shouldered, with small, long-fingered hands (one notices the extreme length of the little finger), Señor Sarasate impresses one, first of all, by a look of somewhat bored good-humour. Crisply curling hair, now quite grey, stands out all over a massive head, trailing carelessly along the forehead. A black moustache draws a heavy line sharply across the pallor of a



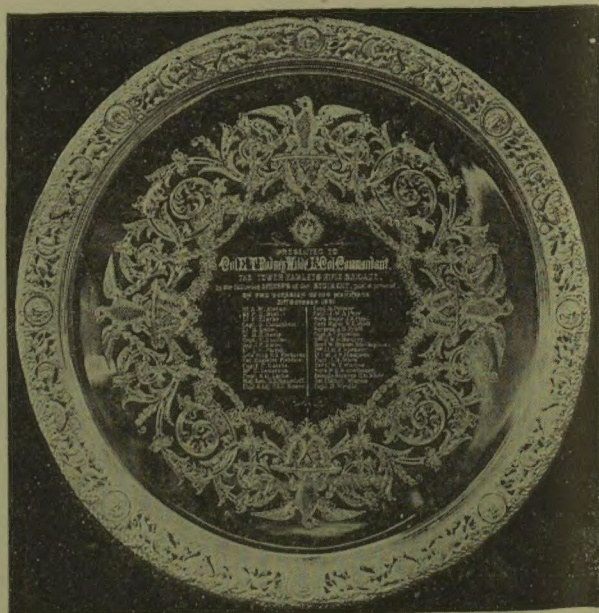
SEÑOR SARASATE.

strange, attractive, contradictory face. The short-sighted eyes—dark, prominent Spanish eyes—have a look of mingled pride, ennui, and amiability—the ennui of a disillusioned man of the world, the amiability of a nature which has remained essentially child-like, the pride of a true Spaniard. The eyes are passionate and stormy, even when the jaded, indifferent face breaks into a smile of unaffected pleasure, as the enthusiasm of a whole audience mounts in applause. The smile can become a laugh of boyish openness—at rehearsal, for instance, when a cat suddenly makes its appearance, jumping from seat to seat until it perches itself beside M. Ysaye, who is listening in the stalls. The nervousness of a highly strung organisation betrays itself in little unconscious movements—the adjustment of a tie, the rapid caress of the moustache, as the violin hangs motionless during the rests. Otherwise the figure in black stands immovable, only the fingers in action.

But those fingers! Never were there such fingers since Paganini! They tell us that Paganini was more wonderful than Sarasate, as they tell us that Rachel was more wonderful than Sarah Bernhardt. We who have not heard the one or seen the other can but say that it may be so, but that certainly it seems impossible. In the matter of execution there is apparently nothing that Sarasate cannot do; but there never was a greater mistake than to suppose his mastery of his instrument to have in it any of the more doubtful qualities of the virtuoso. Mastery, sheer, absolute mastery, he certainly has, but with him what people term display is but the means to an end. Those fantastic Spanish dances, with their broken rhythm, their pizzicato effects, their bizarre alternations of tone, are not compositions made for our astonishment, but the real national dances, as one hears them in the south of Spain, only made more acute, more intense, more significant. Sarasate's compositions are worthy of closer attention than they have yet received. They have a remarkable individuality, a feverish, troubled brilliance, a passionate intensity. Like his playing, they are curiously modern, for Sarasate is essentially the representative of all that is novel and troubled in the modern world. No violin sings with so strange an acuteness, becomes so haunting a voice, so pathetic a lyrical cry—the cry of the modern soul. The bow strikes from the strings a shower of crystalline notes: they rain flashingly, a visible brilliance. The light becomes lightning, there is a storm among the strings, and the clear ascending tones broaden out into passionate, troubled chords. Suddenly a heavenly trill rises out of the tumult, like the voice of some more wonderful bird, a bird with a human soul. It rises, rises, until one almost seems to see the lark mounting into the sky, growing tinier against the blue. And then the strain changes, becomes more piercing, becomes almost an agony, as the magical bow seems to play a ghastly measure on strings made out of one's very nerves. Like the most typical modern art, Sarasate's playing is the art of *la névrose*. Wagner in "Tristan und Isolde," Berlioz in "La Damnation de Faust," have written the typical music of the present age, music which appeals to us by its mysterious kinship with our vague distresses, its cry from we know not whence, its cry for we know not what. The acting of Sarah Bernhardt has the same distressing, exciting effect—it racks us with the same nervous spasms. In poetry we have the art of Verlaine, in painting we have the art of Whistler, in sculpture, even, the art of Rodin—all of them the art of sensation sharpened to the point of morbid acuteness. It is just the same appeal that Sarasate makes to us, and Sarasate alone among musicians. In Victor Hugo's phrase respecting Baudelaire, he has *créé un nouveau frisson*. And to appeal with novel, with poignant effect to our sensations is the aim of the most characteristically modern art. A. S.

A WEDDING PRESENT.

A richly chased and elegantly engraved silver waiter was presented to Colonel E. T. Rodney Wilde on the occasion of his recent marriage. Colonel Wilde's regiment dates as far back



SILVER WAITER PRESENTED TO COLONEL RODNEY WILDE.

as 1804, and is over nine hundred strong. The great and well-deserved popularity of the Colonel—he joined the regiment thirty years ago—gives the testimonial a peculiar interest. It is a fine specimen of silversmith's work, and was specially designed and manufactured by the firm of Mappin and Webb, of Mansion House Chambers.

PERSONAL.

Mr. George Lambert, the new Gladstonian member for South Molton, who was elected by a majority of 1212 over his Unionist opponent, Mr. Charles Buller, is a tenant farmer, a son of the late Mr. George Lambert, of Spreyton, and is only twenty-five years old. He is, however, a very vigorous speaker, and takes a leading part in the social life of the South Molton Division. He has been a practical farmer since he was nineteen years old, and is in the habit of addressing his brother agriculturists on questions concerning their interests. He is lord of the manor of Spreyton, a guardian of the poor, and was elected a County Councillor at the last election after a



MR. G. LAMBERT, M.P.

vigorous fight. He is a good shot, and is personally a very popular man, having been supported by 250 farmers in South Molton, irrespective of politics.

The last vacancy in the ranks of the Ministry has been filled by the Hon. George Nathaniel Curzon's appointment to Sir John Gorst's place as Under-Secretary for India. The appointment was expected, for Mr. Curzon is one of the most promising of the younger Conservatives, and has talent, birth, wealth, good looks, and social influence on his side. He had a very distinguished career at Oxford, which he rounded with a Fellowship at Oriel; and his presidency of the Union marked one of the most brilliant years in the history of that famous society. As member for Southport, he had an exceptionally happy introduction to Parliament, and, on the whole, he has justified it. He has not spoken often, but always with effect, with perfect ease of manner and fluency of address, and with knowledge of his subject. He has been understood to be in training for the Indian Secretaryship; and his Eastern tour, resulting in a clever book, has given him a certain special insight into political questions in Central Asia and elsewhere. He is a handsome man, with a certain distinction of appearance. He did very well as Lord Salisbury's private secretary during the Government of 1885, and it has always been recognised that he was to have promotion when the opportunity occurred. He is in his thirty-second year, and has written a good many articles for the *National Review* and other publications. As Under-Secretary for India he will be in receipt of a salary of £1200 a year.

General regret has been felt at the illness of Prince George of Wales, who is suffering from a mild attack of typhoid fever, the disease which brought the Prince of Wales to the brink of the grave in 1871. Happily, no fears are felt on Prince George's account, the complaint having developed in the most favourable form, and the patient progressing steadily, under the care of Dr. Broadbent and Dr. Laking. The theory is that he contracted the disease during his stay in Ireland, either at Lord Carew's or elsewhere, and not at Sandringham. If the latter were the case, the double proof of the insanitary state of the Prince of Wales's country house would be serious enough. The Queen, with whom Prince George is a special favourite, has made repeated inquiries as to his progress, and has had the bulletins regularly forwarded to her. Prince George is a favourite in the Navy, where his intelligence, good-humour, readiness to take all kinds of duty, and resolve never to profit by his position, have made him popular with officers and men alike. The Princess of Wales is hastening home from Russia to her son's sick-bed.

The new Knight of the Thistle, the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, who fills the vacancy in that honourable order caused by the death of Lord Minto, is the head of the house of Lindsay, an ancient and powerful family, who were in possession of considerable territories both in England and Scotland as early as the eleventh century. The name seems to have died out in England about the time of Edward II., after which the Lindsays were no longer summoned to Parliament, but they flourished greatly in the sister kingdom, and different members of the family have been conspicuous not only for their wealth and power, but for the distinction with which they have occupied offices of great public importance. Their greatest and most powerful representative was David, the fifth Earl of Crawford, who in the latter half of the fifteenth century was Keeper of Berwick, High Admiral of Scotland, and Lord Chamberlain; he was created Duke of Montrose, a dignity not assumed by his successors. The Lindsays were staunch adherents of the Stuarts, and Ludovic, the sixteenth earl, fought for the King at Marston Moor. The present holder of the title is the twenty-sixth Earl of Crawford and thirty-fourth Lord Lindsay. He is an F.R.S., has been President of the Royal Astronomical Society, and has distinguished himself more in science than in politics. His lordship has extensive estates at Dun Echt House, Aberdeenshire, but his largest revenues are derived from coal mines on his property, Haigh Hall, near Wigan, in Lancashire. The Earl is only forty-four.

The Hon. Rose Lawless, who was so unfortunately drowned a few days ago in a pond on the estate of her brother, Lord Cloncurry, Lyons, near Naas, county Kildare, was the third daughter of the third Baron Cloncurry. Miss Lawless, who was on a visit to her brother, resided at Blackrock, near Dublin, where Lord Cloncurry has a charming residence. She was a younger sister of the Hon. Emily Lawless, whose novel "Harrish" and other tales of Irish life, have earned for her a considerable reputation in the literary world.

A very genuine hero of the mission-field is now visiting some parts of his diocese for the last time before laying down his charge. Bishop Horden, of Moosonee, North-West America, is a prelate of the true apostolic type. In May 1851, Mr. Horden, who had been a schoolmaster, was sent by the Church Missionary Society to work among the Indians on the shores of Hudson's Bay. He has now seen forty years' service in that field, and is no longer able calmly to face the privation and the toil incidental to his work. He has no "palace," but has a large experience in sleeping in the open air. He has no carriage, but has travelled many thousands of miles on snow-shoes, in sleighs, and in native canoes. He has few helpers, but he can work for himself as compositor and printer, can knit his own socks, paddle his own canoe, and devise the best methods of saving his Indian flocks from the starvation which so often threatens them. Bishop Horden's probable successor has just arrived in the diocese to be initiated into the work.

Mrs. Jane Fitzgerald, the widow of Edward Fox Fitzgerald, and a daughter of the late Sir John Dean Paul, Bart., a well-known banker, who died on Nov. 2, was a daughter-in-law of

the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whose connection with the Irish revolutionary movement of 1798 caused his arrest. On June 4 in that year Lord Edward, who, disguised as a countryman, had taken refuge in a house in Dublin, was seized by a party commanded by Majors Sirr and Swan and a Captain Ryan; his lordship offered a desperate resistance, and killed Ryan with a dagger, but was shot through the body by Sirr, and expired two days afterwards in great agony in a Dublin jail. Lord Edward was married at Tournay in 1792, to a lady named Stephanie Caroline Anne Syms, better known to students of history as "Pamela." Her parentage has remained an unsolved mystery, but there are many reasons for believing her to have been a daughter of the Duke of Orleans ("Egalité") and Madame de Genlis.

The death, in her ninety-fifth year, of the Marchioness of Westminster took place on Nov. 11 at Inwood, in Devonshire, the country residence of her youngest daughter, Lady Theodora Guest. The Marchioness, who had been a widow since the death, in 1869, of her husband, the second Marquis of Westminster, had four sons and nine daughters. One daughter married a Duke of Northumberland, another an Earl of Macclesfield, and another Baron Wenlock. The death of the Marchioness will throw into mourning a larger number of aristocratic families than that of any other member of the peerage.

Like many other women of family, Lady Westminster was a keen politician. An amusing incident was connected with the election of 1873, when Lady Westminster's younger son, then Lord R. Grosvenor, appeared to speak for the Liberal candidate for Shaftesbury. The Liberal candidate afterwards incautiously ventured on telling her tenants that he believed that her ladyship was not averse to his candidature. It was putting his fingers into the den of the apparently dozing lioness, for Lady Westminster, though she was seventy-five years old, pounced upon the hapless trespasser sharply.

She wrote him a letter which for vigour and terseness could not have been surpassed by any woman of thirty. "As you have announced," said she, "that there was a 'false impression,' that I was 'deeply interested in the coming election for



THE LATE MARCHIONESS OF WESTMINSTER.

Shaftesbury,' I beg to undeceive you, and to assure you that I am most anxious for the success of the Conservative cause, connected as it is with the preservation of our religion and our loyalty to our Queen. . . . I am also aware that your religious principles differ very widely from my own, and therefore I cannot be surprised that in your disregard, or possible ignorance, of the Fifth Commandment, you have considered it a justifiable policy to induce a son openly to defy his mother." This was hard on "the son," who was nearly forty years old, and the Liberal "whip" of the moment! But it is an illustration of the great lady's idea of the political submission proper from her juniors or inferiors. However, Mr. Gladstone's Irish measures reunited Lady Westminster and her sons on public questions.

A personality of considerable force and attraction will shortly be added to London advanced politics in Lord Carrington, who intends to resume the public career which has for the moment been interrupted by the end of his term of office as Governor of New South Wales. Lord Carrington is to come forward for the London County Council at the ensuing elections as "progressive" candidate for the Hoxton Division of Shore-ditch. If he succeeds and his party obtains a majority, he is to be put forward as the successor to Lord Rosebery in the chairmanship, which will be vacant by the retirement of Sir John Lubbock. Lord Rosebery may possibly stand again, but he will not again accept the chairmanship, which he resigned. Among the titled members of the Council, Lord Lingen and Lord Compton will resign their seats; but Lord Monkswell and Lord Sandhurst will endeavour to find places in the incoming body.

A somewhat notable personage has just died at Elm Park Road in Mr. Edward Maghlin Blood, the father of Lady Colin Campbell. Mr. Blood was an Irish landlord, of great distinction of appearance, in which he somewhat resembled Mr. Gladstone, and with a peculiar knowledge of the art treasures of Europe and a fine taste in them. He was an early member of the Reform Club, and belonged to the older generation of Irish Liberals who preceded Mr. Gladstone's legislation. His handsome face and figure will be missed at London's art sales, at which he was a regular attendant.

The *Times* correspondent at Vienna records the death, under somewhat tragic circumstances, of General Baron Joseph Doepfner, the President of the Supreme Court of Military Justice. In his house there was an hydraulic lift worked by the door-porter. A few days ago the General, returning home, rang for his porter to set the lift going. There was no answer to his bell, but he must have thought that everything was in order, for the key of the lift stood in the lock. Turning the key,

he opened the door, stepped into space, and dropped into the well, a depth of about 15 ft. He appeared, however, to be only a little shaken when he was picked up, and he was writing composedly at his desk on Nov. 16, when an attack of apoplexy struck him dead on the spot. The General was a most distinguished officer, who had fought in all the campaigns of Austria since 1849, and the high post which he held made him the arbiter in all affairs of honour between Austrian officers. Although he had paid but a few short flying visits to England, he spoke English with a rare felicity, and entertained the highest opinion of the British Army and of the regimental traditions under which British officers are trained to be gentlemen as well as soldiers.

Monsieur Antoine, of the Paris Théâtre Libre, expects to produce a great sensation this winter by the production of a play translated from the Swedish. "Mademoiselle Julie" is considered by many to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Northern dramatist August Strindberg (Strindberf). The Berlin Free Theatre have also included this one-act play in their winter programme, but a flutter has been caused in the German dramatic dovecots by the Emperor having assumed the rôle of moral censor.

Strindberg is, perhaps, after Count Leon Tolstoï, the strangest and most eccentric figure in literary Europe. Hating both his kind and the life of cities with an intense hatred, he lives alone on a small island—that is to say, alone with his dogs. In this desert spot he spends most of his nights meditating on and trying to develop, by means of his dramas and romances, the theories of the German Socialist metaphysician Frederick Nietzsche, of whom he considers himself a humble disciple. Strindberg is fast acquiring an enormous reputation in his own country; but his works are both too simple in *motif* and too naturalistic in form to bear analysis.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The portrait of the late Hon. Lewis Wingfield is from a photograph by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, 230, Regent Street, W.; that of Señor Sarasate by Herr V. Schenrich, of Berlin; that of Mr. W. T. Stead by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; that of Prince Frederick Augustus of Saxony by Hans Hanfstaengl, Dresden; that of the Archduchess Louise of Tuscany by Adèle, of Vienna; that of Mr. Lambert, M.P., by Mr. John Browning, of Bedford Circus, Exeter; and the survivors of the Benvenue by Mr. R. W. Bindon, of Folkestone and Ashford.

MUSIC.

It was very natural that Miss Macintyre should be ambitious to appear as the heroine of Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" some time during her engagement at the Shaftesbury Theatre. The part is one peculiarly adapted to her fervid temperament and emotional style, and the music, had it been written for her, could not have come more exactly within the *tessitura* that displays Miss Macintyre's voice to best advantage. Hence her appearance and her success in the rôle of Santuzza on Saturday, Nov. 14. The young artist, looking charming in her Sicilian peasant costume, had little difficulty in commanding sympathy for the unhappy damsel who has been deceived by the village Lothario, and, whether in her appeal to the latter or her vengeful outburst against Lola or her despairing avowal of the truth to the deceived husband, Miss Macintyre completely identified herself with the situation. A certain monotony of gesture was noticeable, but this may have been difficult to avoid in an embodiment which is essentially lachrymose and *triste* throughout. On the other hand, Miss Macintyre's efforts to infuse vocal contrast into her rendering of the music—notably her occasional use of *parlato* effects to suggest deep intensity of passion—were invariably appropriate and striking. Her performance altogether elicited the emphatic approval of a crowded audience.

The last nights of the autumn season of Covent Garden being at hand, Sir Augustus Harris has contented himself—and for that matter his patrons also—with repetitions of operas already given. In the second performance of "Lohengrin," Mr. Edward Scovel duly took his place in the cast, although not perhaps entirely free from the effects of his indisposition. Save as to an increase of dramatic power, there was nothing to note in Mr. Scovel's impersonation that was not fully criticised when he played Lohengrin in London some five years since. Now, however, that he seems determined to return to grand opera, we advise the American tenor not to place too heavy a strain upon his resources by attempting Wagnerian parts. He will surely find scope enough for his talents among the lighter rôles of the serious repertory. A word of praise is due to Mr. Ffrangcon Davies for undertaking the part of the Herald, at very brief notice, in place of Signor Abramoff. His services were, fortunately, not needed at the Royal English Opera, and Mr. D'Oyly Carte readily placed the young Welsh baritone at his brother manager's disposal.

The programme of the sixth Crystal Palace Saturday Concert (Nov. 14) contained nothing but familiar material—this, however, being sufficiently attractive to draw a large audience. Miss Fanny Davies and Mr. Edward Lloyd are popular artists in the highest sense of the term, and to hear one play the pianoforte concerto of Schumann and the other sing Wagner's "Preislied" may be reckoned as among the greatest treats that any English executant or singer can afford. Mr. Manns' fine orchestra supplemented the welcome efforts of the above favourites with a superb performance of Brahms's symphony in C minor, No. 1, and also of Méhul's overture to "Le Jeune Henri." We were scarcely so satisfied, though, with the reading of the "Meistersinger" overture, which ended the concert. Did we not happen to know that Mr. Manns resides at Sydenham, we should have fancied he was in a hurry to catch his train.

A lively English version of M. Messager's comic opera "Fauvette" was introduced to London audiences at the Royalty on Nov. 16 by a company which has for some time been touring with the same piece in the provinces. Although vastly inferior in every sense to "La Basoche"—belonging, indeed, to the *genre* of opéra-bouffe rather than that of opéra-comique—"Fauvette," nevertheless, presents many engaging features, and certainly the requisite tunefulness and "go" for pleasing provincial audiences. Mr. Horace Lingard and his troupe work with a great deal of vigour and no little intelligence, and at the Royalty they have met with a very favourable reception.

It is proposed to issue on Dec. 1 a special Mozart Centenary supplement to the *Musical Times* for that month. It will consist of thirty-two pages, and contain, besides a biographical sketch of the master and a paper on his genius and works, a number of interesting extracts from a variety of sources with reference to his qualities and the circumstances of his career. A considerable number of illustrations, including many portraits and views of places made memorable by association with the great musician, will be given in the text. There will also be a special portrait of Mozart, by Professor Hubert Herkomer, R.A.

Master Pollock (Queen's Remembrancer).

Lords Cross, Ashbourne, Cranbrook. Lord Chief Justice. Chancellor of Exchequer.

Mr. Justice Hawkins.



NOMINATING THE SHERIFFS OF ENGLAND AND WALES BEFORE THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER AT THE LAW COURTS.



"'Tis the Mistress," said Jasper. "I'll take this way," said the Gaffer. "I don't want her to know I've been here."

"COME LIVE WITH ME AND BE MY LOVE."

AN ENGLISH PASTORAL.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN

AUTHOR OF "GOD AND THE MAN," "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

MISCHIEF BREWING.

Foul was the place where it grew,
Foul was its blossom and breath;
Chilly and foul as the dew

Wiped from lips parted in death!—*The Philtre.*

It was something of a surprise to Gaffer Kingsley, returning home after his usual morning walk about the Warren Farm, to find George sitting in the parlour. He had quite supposed that when the boy had marched out of the house, followed by maledictions, that it was his farewell, at least for a time.

"Thought better of it, you?" was the Gaffer's jeering query, as he threw his hat on the disorderly table and sat down to his midday meal.

George made no answer, and did not even return the look the old man bent upon him from under his foxy brows.

"If you be o' the same mind still," said the Gaffer, "I give 'ee straight warnin' as you don't stay *here*. Them as lives under my roof 'veys my authority, see? I'll have no lazybone vagabonds coortin' no beggarly sluts from my premises, so make your mind up, and do it quick."

George rose and left the room, and the old man, having bolted a few mouthfuls of food and swallowed a can of butter-milk, leaned back in his chair and communed with himself in angry mutterings.

"I'll have it out wi' him, anyhow," he said to himself, and, rising, walked upstairs to George's room.

"Make your ch'ice, Jarge," he said. "Which is it to be? Will 'ee have the money and the varm, and a likely lass for a wife, or will 'ee go out o' this and starve? Make your ch'ice."

"My choice is made, father," said George, quietly. "You won't be troubled with me much longer."

"No," growled the Gaffer, "that I won't, ye may take your oath o' that! Do as you're bid, or out of this house you go, neck and crop."

"I shall leave this house as soon as I'm ready," said his son.

He meant to stay and make a final appeal to Bridget, and he had but little doubt of the effect that appeal would have. The poor child had been distraught that morning. She would come to see the situation with clearer eyes, and her affection for him would triumph over her fear of her sister's anger. Catherine, too, would repent of her harshness; it was not in her nature to go on hating so affectionate and inoffensive a creature as Bridget.

"Ready?" echoed the Gaffer. "Ready to leave? D—n

your impudence! See, you! Gi'e me your word as ye'll marry Catherine Thorpe, or pack your duds and march!"

"Then pay me that money you owe me," answered George. "It's all one to me whether I stay here or go to the Ring o' Bells."

At this the Gaffer foamed at the mouth, and lifted his staff to strike. The calm unthreatening eye with which George watched the gesture made him lower it.

"Please understand," said George, "that I mean to have my due. The money is mine. There are ten years to be paid. You can take fifty pounds a year as the price of my living here. That leaves five hundred pounds. Give me the cash and I'll go at once."

The Gaffer stammered, incoherent with rage, and ended the interview, which had taken so unpromising a turn, by leaving the room.

Now, Gaffer Kingsley's character has been handled with exceptionally small skill if it has not become abundantly plain to the reader that he was purely and simply a monomaniac. A natively grasping and miserly temperament, exaggerated by years of indulgence, had ended in a literal inability to care for, or, indeed, to see, anything in the world but money. He loved money with an intensity for which it is not easy to find a parallel. No religious devotee could make of his God, no passionate lover of his mistress, so complete and all-absorbing an idol as pounds, shillings, and pence had become to the old miser. When a passion has once reached such proportions, its results may at any moment become tragic, and the person who crosses or thwarts it has need of the protection of his guardian Angel!

The mere suspicion that George loved Bridget had awakened in the Gaffer's mind a hatred such as most men would find it difficult to conceive. When after Catherine's accession to fortune George still persisted in his choice, the hatred, great and venomous as it had been, deepened. And now George's insane infatuation was not merely causing him to pursue a penniless girl, not merely impelling him to throw away hundreds of broad acres and thousands of pounds of solid money, but was going to cost him, George's father, five hundred pounds in cash! Words are weak to describe the paroxysms of senile wrath into which the old man was thrown by that prospect. Had Bridget stood before him he would have killed her with his hands.

A little after sunset that evening, as Jasper the shepherd was vending his way to his hut, he beheld the figure of the Gaffer painfully covering, with much hard breathing and many stoppages, the last of the little knolls which lay between the hut and the upper fields. It was the first time the old man had

paid him the honour of a personal visit for some years; so, leaning on his crook, Jasper awaited with some curiosity the explanation of his appearance.

"Eh!" said the Gaffer, wiping a perspiring forehead with the sleeve of his coat, "'tis a moun' hard climb to get to 'ee, Shepherd. Ye allays said ye warn't fond o' company, and I should think you gets little enough of it hereaway."

"More than I wants sometimes," said the Shepherd, with a sour look at his visitor. "What brings you here so late?"

"Gi'e me time, and I'll come to it," answered the Gaffer, sitting on a grass-covered mound. He slowly panted his wind back, but seemed in no hurry to approach the object of his visit. The Shepherd, looking at him, saw that his coarse-grained skin was pallid under its tan and grime, and the hands which leant upon his staff were tremulous.

"I ain't the man I was, Shepherd. I'm getting old, and the hill it breathes me."

"Folk don't get younger at your time o' life," said the Shepherd, dryly.

"Nor at yourn, come to that," answered the Gaffer.

"Well," said Jasper, "I left my pot o' the hob, and once cooked is enough for my victuals. What can I do for 'ee?"

The Gaffer looked round with tremulous caution.

"There's nobody within hearin', Shepherd?"

"Dogs and sheep," replied the Shepherd. "Nowt else."

"Well, then, I want 'ee to help me, and I've come to ax 'ee to do it."

"I thought ye scorned my ways too much for that," said Jasper.

"Ye're known for a skilful man, Shepherd, far and near. The wenches come to thee for love-philtres, and the men know your skill in yerbs."

He paused and looked round again. His lips twitched oddly, and he kept glancing askant from Jasper's face to the surrounding country.

"Ye know that brindled mastiff bitch o' mine, the old beast you cured o' the mange?"

Jasper nodded. The Gaffer rubbed his bristly lips, swallowed, and went on.

"She be sickenin' of a bite she got from a dog up-town. She flies at folk, and I'm a bit afear'd. Well, then, 'tis simple—I want to get rid of her to save trouble."

"Then shoot her," said Jasper. "That's easy enough, surely."

The Gaffer shook his head, looking up at Jasper with a curious cunning leer.

"Nay, I hate the look o' blood, and I don't want to torture the poor beast, for, though maybe ye wouldn't think it, I'm

tender-hearted, and hate the sight o' pain. So—I were thinking, ye're a skilful man, Shepherd, and know the qualities o' yerbs—I were thinkin' ye might gie me something for her to drink, something to kill her, without making a mess with her blood and without pain. Without pain," he repeated, darting a glance at Jasper's face and then letting his eyes wander indifferently over the landscape.

"Little need to come to me for that," said Jasper. "Get some lucifer matches, take the phosphorus, and melt it down in milk."

"Ay, ay!" said the old man, "I understand. But now I'll tell 'ee." He looked round again with even greater caution than before, and leant nearer, speaking almost in a whisper. "Tain't my own dog, but a neighbour's, as I want to p'ison. A great black brute, as comes to our fold at night, and worries the lambs. Say, you! doan't 'ee know some yerb that kills and leaves no trace? If the beast was opened they'd find the phosphorus stuff inside of him, and then I'd be pulled up, mayhap. See?"

"Ye want a p'ison that kills easy, and leaves no trace in the stomach of beast or human creature?" said Jasper.

The Gaffer started. "I said nowt o' human creatures," he said angrily. "I told 'ee a dog, Shepherd."

"Dog or Christian, 'tis one matter for that," answered Jasper. "What's death to one is death to the other."

"Ay," said the old man. "Ay! ye say so, and ye're a skilful man. Ay, no doubt."

"But if I gave 'ee poison like that," said Jasper, "it might get me into trouble. Ye might leave it lying about, and mischief might happen."

"Never fear," said the Gaffer, eagerly. "Never fear for that. I'll be main careful, trust me. Say, now, can ye find me the stuff I want?"

"I don't know as I couldn't," said Jasper; "that is, if I was well enough paid for the risk o' it."

"Of course, of course. That's reasonable enough."

He qualified this acquiescence, which on second thoughts appeared somewhat too ready.

"But how much, Shepherd? Ye know I be a poor man."

"I know ye're made of brass," said Jasper. "Folks who come to me must pay, Gaffer. This job's worth—let me see!" He rubbed his forehead with an open palm, and watched the old man with a keen relish of his tremendous anxiety to hear the price, nothing of which was visible in his face, which was intently calculative. "It's worth two pounds."

"Two pound!" cried the Gaffer, with a drooping jaw.

"And cheap at the money," said Jasper, "if the beast robs 'ee of your lambs."

"Two pound!" repeated his companion. "Eh, Shepherd, but two pound's a mort o' money. Two pound for a drop o' yerb stuff!"

"Two pound is my price," replied Jasper, inflexibly.

"I'll tell 'ee what I'll do!" cried the old man. "I'll give 'ee twenty shillings! Good money!"

"Ye may keep it," answered Jasper, preparing to go. "Take my advice, and, if the dog's a poacher, lay in wait for him and shoot him. There's no law to punish a man for defending his own, and 'tis less dangerous than meddling with drugs ye don't understand the workings of."

"I want the stuff," said the Gaffer.

"Then pay for it," retorted the Shepherd.

"I'll give 'ee thirty shillings," said the old man, desperately.

"I'll take two pounds," answered Jasper, gaffing his fish after playing him; "and if you try to beat me down again you sha'n't have the stuff at all—not at no price."

"Well," said the Gaffer, dolorously, "two pound, then!"

"Cash down," said Jasper, holding out his hand for the money.

"D'ye think I be the Bank, ye vule!" asked the old man, snappishly, "to carry all that power o' money about wi' me, and get murdered of a night for my foolishness? My word's my word. Give me the stuff and you shall have the two pound."

"Touch hands on it, Gaffer, and it's a bargain."

The old man gave him a tremulous and clammy hand, withdrawing it to wipe his forehead.

"Eh, ye're a hard-fisted old man, Shepherd."

"There's another thing, Gaffer," said Jasper. "Ye must swear to me to tell ne'er a soul where the stuff was gotten."

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed the old man. "Ye're safe in my hands!"

"And you be sure that 'tis only for the beast that kills thy lambs?"

"Surely, surely," said the Gaffer. "What else should it be for? Perhaps ye think," he suggested, with a ghastly attempt at jocularly, "as I want to poison the lambs 'em-selves."

"Other peoples', ye might," replied Jasper.

"Ye've a foul tongue, Shepherd," said the old man. "Keep a guard on it."

Jasper laughed dryly.

looking at the phial wonderingly. "There beant much here to kill a beast—main little for two pound, Shepherd."

"Enough and to spare," said Jasper. "It's quality, not quantity, as does the trick. Pour it into some buttermilk, and let the beast drink it, he'll trouble 'ee no more."

"Be it yerb stuff?"

"Belladonna, 'tis called, distilled from them poison flowers that grow i' the churchyard."

"An' it leaves ne'er a sign? Sure?"

"Not if all the doctors in the land was called in to look for it. Be careful wi' it. Don't leave it lying about."

"Ay! I'll take care."

He started again.

"What's that?" he asked in an awestruck whisper.

The moonbeams had grown powerful in the last half-hour, and by their light the figure of a woman was seen approaching at a distance.

"'Tis the Mistress," said Jasper. "What can she want wi' me at this hour?"

"I'll take this way," said the Gaffer. "I don't want her to know I've been here, for women they talk. Mind! not a word!" and receiving a nod in answer to the caution, he slipped noiselessly behind a row of bushes while Jasper advanced to the brow of the hill to meet Catherine.

CHAPTER XIV.

CATHERINE SEEKS A CHARM.

O what can win an old love back,

And what can wile a new? Teach me a spell to change his heart,

Ere mine doth break in two!—*Old Song.*

Catherine slowly and laboriously reached the summit of the incline, and for a moment stood there, her hand upon her side, breathing heavily and unconsciously of the neighbourhood of the Shepherd, who, leaning on his crook, regarded her long and keenly from under his penthouse brows before moving towards her. At the muffled sound of his feet on the short, crisp turf, she started and turned.

"Ah! it is you, Jasper," said she, with a quick catch of her breath.

"Ye be a late visitor, Miss Catherine," said the old man. "Will 'ee come to the hut?"

"Not yet," she answered. "I feel stifled within rooms. The free air does me good."

She breathed deeply with a long tremulous sound, as if she had just escaped from some asphyxiating atmosphere.

"Sit awhile," said Jasper, and taking her by the hand, led her to the mound of earth on which the Gaffer had been seated but a few minutes before. "Ye be a bit tired, mistress, 'tis a longish climb."

She sank into a sitting posture, still retaining his hand, and, supporting her chin upon her disengaged palm, remained staring before her with an intent and yet expressionless look.

Jasper took advantage of her abstraction to scan her appearance, and was shocked at the change she presented. In all his former knowledge of her she had worn a settled aspect

of placid and resolute cheerfulness, wavering at moments to something which might have been called gaiety, and never falling below a grave and kindly seriousness. In the last day or two she seemed to have aged by five years. Her face was pale, and in the dead white light of the moon looked absolutely bloodless. The moonlight darkened the heavy coils of her brown hair to black, and so deepened the pallor of her skin. As she sat with her head bent, her eyes were fathomless pits of darkness, and the long lashes and the deep bistre shadows under the lower lids increased their apparent size and gave her an appearance scarcely earthly.

She sat for some moments, lax and abandoned, like a living figure of despair, till Jasper's heart yearned over her. A man of few and deep affections, he loved Catherine with an almost paternal love, and his bowels were moved to sore compassion.

"Have a bit o' courage, mistress," he said, cherishing her hand and patting her shoulder, as if she had been an ailing child. Indeed, to his great age and sad experience she seemed scarcely more. He would have had little enough sympathy to spend on most other people afflicted with Catherine's trouble. He had seen too many hearts broken and healed again for an



"Eh, dear!" he said, passing his hand over her head. "How hot your head is!"

"I've been told o' Satan reproving sin," he said, "but I never heard him do it before. Bide here a while, and I'll bring the stuff to ye."

He went off with his long slouching stride to the hut, and the Gaffer, left alone, sat staring straight before him, breathing almost as heavily as he had done ten minutes before, after mounting the hill.

"I didn't think the old vule'd ever be so much use to anybody," he murmured to himself. "What's death to one is death to the other! And no trace! Eh! I must make sure o' that. If that's so I'm safe in doing it, and when the road's clear, Jarge'll learn sense, and take Catherine."

He fell into so deep a brown study that the Shepherd was back at his side without his knowing it.

"Here, you!" said Jasper, holding out the phial.

The Gaffer started with a choking gasp, and the hand he extended trembled like a leaf in the breeze.

"What be ye shakin' at?" asked the Shepherd.

"Nowt, nowt," answered the old man, covering his confusion by rising and setting his hat on his head. "The wind's cold hereaway. Gi'e me the stuff. Is this all?" he asked,

unhappy love affair to stir in him a much deeper compassion than he would have felt for a child crying over a spoiled toy. But with Catherine it was different. He knew, or guessed, the depths of her nature, her ready charity and inexhaustible kindness. She had sat upon his knee, a mere baby, and he owed her numberless acts of thoughtful generosity.

"Eh, dear!" he said, passing his hand over her head and letting it rest for a moment on her brow. "How hot your head is! And your hands be cold as ice. You're in a fever, I doubt. Ye should be at home and in your bed, Miss Catherine, not out here in the chills and the dew. Come into the hut."

"No, no," she said, resisting the motion of his hand. "I am better here."

She sat for a time silent, and then, to Jasper's pity and almost terror, burst into tears.

"'Tis the first time in all my life I've seen 'ee cry," said the old man, "and I've seen you in sore trouble too. Well, tears are good for women folk. It's like cursin' to a man, I suppose. It don't change things, but it eases the heart. What is it, mistress? Can I do aught to help 'ee?"

"I don't know," said Catherine, when she had conquered the paroxysm sufficiently to speak. "It's like death upon me, Jasper. Like death? Oh, if I could only die!"

"Nay, nay!" said Jasper, with an old-world smile of great pity and shrewd humour combined. "It's not so bad as that, Miss Catherine."

"It's the truth," said Catherine. "My strength seems gone. I seem always tottering and falling, my eyes shut, my head like a load of lead. Down there it was different. I was strong and fierce, and my hands felt like iron. But now, in the rising of the moon, something seems falling on me and melting my strength away. I stifle! I seem sick and faint! I haven't the strength even to utter a cry! I wonder if death is like what I feel."

Jasper shook his head with a repetition of the sad, wise smile, and silence fell again for a space. Presently, on the stillness of the moonlit prospect, a long, low plaintive cry—a sound of infinite pathos—rose and passed. It was so strangely sorrowful that it pierced even the numbed sense of the despairing woman.

"Ay!" said Jasper, "ye hear that sound, Miss Catherine? Sad and long, like the moan of a human creature in deadly pain. It's the cry o' the white owl o' the Weald. It's the call o' the lonesome she-bird in the moonlight to her mate that's death-struck, and will ne'er come to her again."

"I hear," said Catherine.

"And it's the same cry that comes from your heart, Miss Catherine—the cry of one forsaken and heartbroken."

Catherine looked at him with a wild question in her eyes.

"Ay," said Jasper, "it's the love-trouble that brings 'ee here to-night. Ye love someone, and the love is tearing your heart wi' pain."

"Yes," said Catherine, dropping her head again. "It's that, it's that, Jasper."

"Ay!" said Jasper again. "Young Jarge, mistress!"

"You know," said Catherine, peering at him half startled.

"I saw it long ago," said Jasper. "Maybe, if I'd seen it sooner I might ha' spared ye this, for ye're a lass of courage, and ye would ha' schooled yourself to bear it. But ye're deep and close, Miss Catherine, and ye showed nowt till it was too deep-rooted in your heart, and I e'en held my tongue and boded trouble. And the trouble's come."

"Yes," said Catherine. "I love him. And he hates me. That's why I'm here, Jasper. Listen! You are old and wise. You love me, I think! You would help me if you could?"

"Surely," said the old man, smiling again, with less humour and more sadness. "I'd help ye if I could, mistress."

"You can," said Catherine, with rapid eagerness. "You know the secrets of the earth. Give me something to win his heart back to me. I want George. He must love me! He shall love me!"

"There's one who deserves thee more, Miss Catherine, one who has loved thee long and dear, who will love thee till death, and would give his life to save thee from a moment's pain."

Catherine's eyes questioned him.

"Geoffrey Doone, poor lad. He loves thee dear."

"Loves me?" said Catherine, with wide wandering eyes distended in the moonlight and a shaking hand upon her tumultuous heart. "Loves me? Geoffrey?"

"Ay, with his whole heart," said the Shepherd.

"Poor Geoffrey!" said Catherine. "Then that's why he's so strange and sad. Oh, Jasper, does he suffer as I suffer?"

"Ay, and has suffered for years. And ye never guessed it?"

"Never. Why, he has never given a sign!"

"No?" said Jasper, a little drily. "Think again, mistress."

"Poor Geoffrey," repeated Catherine. "But, Jasper, I love George."

The wounded heart, egotistic as every heart is in its suffering, forgot the sorrow that was not its own.

"I shall always love him. Jasper, I beseech you, take pity on me! Help me! I will pay you well. You shall have all I possess. I will pay you even with my heart's blood, my life! Teach me a charm to make him care for me! Teach me how to change his heart."

"That's more than the wit o' man can do, Miss Catherine," said the old man, sadly and solemnly. "Charms and philtres are for silly folk, not for strong folk like Catherine Thorpe. Ye must be sore distraught to come on an errand like that. Listen. Ye ask my help. Ye shall have it; all the help that mortal man can give ye, ye shall have. Go home, fall on your knees, and ask God to change thy heart; ask Him to teach 'ee to forget. 'Tis all that you can do, mistress, all that you can do!"

"Forget!" cried Catherine, wildly. "No, not that! It's sweet to love, for all the pain. I'd rather suffer as I suffer now, more if it could be, than cease to love at all."

Her voice trembled to silence, and for a space she was quiet.

"I tell you," she burst out again, "I love him! I will never love any other! The thought of him is killing me, killing me! He has taken his love to my sister, a child who doesn't know what love means. But she shall not have him. He is mine!"

"That's as God wills, Miss Catherine," said the Shepherd. "'Tis beyond us. Things like that don't come and go at man or woman's bidding! They be like the wind that bloweth where it listeth, like the rain that falleth on the salt sea or the cornfield. 'Tis hard, bitter hard—have I not known it? It's the common lot, wellnigh as certain as death to all the seed o' man. Pray the Lord to change 'ee. Pray to Him to see the mercy as He holds out to ye. Let your sister and the man whom God has chosen for her go their way, and turn your heart to Geoffrey Doone. Ye need a strong man to guard 'ee, poor weak thing as ye be with all your strength. Take the strongest and the best."

"I cannot! I cannot!" wailed Catherine, impressed even in her agony with the Scriptural severity of the old man's speech.

"Jasper! How could I? What should I have to give to any man but George?"

"Duty! Loving care! Respect! All that makes the love of man better than the love of the beasts that perish—all that would bring love in a heart as strong as thine, once this foolish fancy o' yours was past."

"I cannot! I cannot!" cried Catherine again.

"God help 'ee, mistress," said the old man. "And He will. Pray to Him. A humble and contrite heart. Eh, lass, your help is there."

"There is no help for me there," said Catherine. "God seems against me."

"Wild words, Miss Catherine! Wild and wicked. Think of the little one."

He felt Catherine tremble under his hand, and, thinking her touched by that appeal, went on—

"There was a blessing in your love for her. All folks honoured 'ee for it, and saw your sacrifice. 'Twas a burnt offering, like them we read of in God's book. Day and night, sleeping and waking, your thought was for the child, the mother's latest born. Yonder stars and moon were not more true in their courses, more steadfast to their duty than ye, Miss Catherine. Shall all that be changed and forgotten? Nay, may the Lord forbid! Ye loved the child as though she had been your own first-born. Will ye come between her and the man she loves? Go home, lass; kneel to the Lord and ask Him to soften your heart."

"It is too late, Jasper!" she cried. "My heart seems dead. My soul seems to have left my body, and a devil to have entered in its place. If you had heard the words I spoke to her, Jasper! I hear them now! They will ring in my ears till I die! I shall hear them beyond death, when I stand in the presence of my God!"

"Ay! ye cursed her!"

"I did!"

"But ye repent, mistress, and God is merciful. With Him a sin repented is a sin forgotten."

"I do not repent," cried Catherine, wildly. "I don't repent! I can't repent! I know it was wicked, abominable! I know God will remember it against me, that the words will sink my soul if I do not repent. But I can't. I hate her! Oh God! I hate my sister! My heart is black with hate of her. It burns my blood! My brain is on fire with it! The sight of her face, the sound of her foot on the floor are hateful to me. I hate her! I hate her!"

She cried the words ragingly, with a sort of fierce delight in their repetition and in the horrible pang it caused her.

"Lord help thee, my poor lass!" cried Jasper.

"My love is given!" Catherine cried. "My life's wasted! The hand of death is on me! It's life and breath, peace and happiness, that I seek, and they are fled! They'll never come to me, I want *him*—only him! If it means punishment and eternal fire, I shall want him still."

"Love like that," said Jasper, "be hardly love at all. It's the craving of the beasts and birds, not of reasonable human folk."

"I know it," said the tortured woman. "But I'm like a thing without a soul, moaning like the bird yonder for what can never be mine. But I'll try to pray. I have tried. I tried last night. An hour I was on my knees, but not a word would come. I felt strangled, my heart was gripped as if the claws of Satan held it."

"Try, mistress, try. 'Twas prayer, though you couldn't speak, 'twas the prayer o' the heart, the prayer God hears. He has heard it, Miss Catherine."

The voice of the old man trembled with a solemn gratitude.

"Ay!" he answered to her look; "God heard the prayer, though 'twas not spoken. He has sent ye to me, to the old servant that loves you, to learn the way. Go back! Go back! To your knees, Miss Catherine! The words will come to-night, and God's peace will fall on your poor dry heart like dew."

"I will," cried Catherine, with a sudden wild hope, "I will!"

And with the words she burst into a storm of weeping.

"The prayer's answered," said the old man. "They're blessed tears, mistress. They'll wash the black thoughts from your heart, and leave it clean. Go home before the evil one has power over thee. Go home and pray."

"I will!" cried Catherine again. "Good-night!"

She bent her head before the old man, and felt the touch of his hand upon her hair.

"Good-night and God bless 'ee, Miss Catherine!"

She drew her hood about her face and went towards the farm. As Jasper stood looking after her, the cry of the deserted bird swelled sadly on the rising breeze and died again.

(To be continued.)

WAS BYRON A GREAT POET?

BY ANDREW LANG.

Turning over the leaves of Mr. Henley's elegant and valuable collection of poems, "Lyra Heroica," I came across part of Byron's "Siege of Corinth." It is very long since I read Byron, and I was amazed by what I found. Mr. Henley is an extremely unlikely person to be seduced by a great name. If he did not like "The Siege of Corinth" we may be sure he would not have included it in his volume. That heroic lyre mainly praises great deeds, and the deeds of Minotti were among the greatest. He fought like a Paladin, and then he blew up the magazine and gloriously entered the Valhalla of renown. But Byron's celebration of Minotti: is that worthy of the occasion? One wishes to disagree with Mr. Swinburne's comments on a great though unequal poet, but the verses on Corinth seem to justify his censure. They read like an imitation of Scott, and a bad imitation. They read very poorly after "Flodden Field"—

The cannon are pointed, and ready to roar,
And crush the wall they have crumbled before;
Forms in his phalanx each janizar;
Alp at their head; his right arm is bare,
So is the blade of his scimitar.

Is this tolerable verse? Oh, rather we cry—

Oh for a blast of that dread horn
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Roland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!

The line—

Silence—hark to the signal—Fire!

is like the last line in the sonnet attributed by Bon Gaultier to the Duke of Wellington—

Attention in the ranks there! Shoulder hoop!

And this is like an editorial comment—

You might have heard it, on that day,
O'er Salamis and Megara,
(We have heard the hearers say)
Even unto Piraus' bay.

The editorial "we" is out of place. Then we have Minotti—

So gallantly bore he the brunt of the fray,
The dead before him, on that day,
In a semicircle lay.

Many a scar of former fight
Lurked beneath his corselet bright,
But of every wound his body bore,
Each and all had been taken before.

Does it mean that the wounds had been taken in front, or is it only a repetition of the statement, already made, that on this day Minotti was not wounded?

Minotti lifted his aged eye,
And made the sign of the cross, with a sigh,
Then seized a torch which blazed thereby,

is surely far from being in the grand style.

The vaults beneath the mosaic stone
Contained the dead of ages gone;
Their names were on the graven floor,
But now illegible with gore!

"Illegible with gore"! It is not the way to write. What follows is absurd, and absurdly written—

So near they came, the nearest stretched
To grasp the spoil he almost reached;
When old Minotti's hand
Touched with the torch the train:

'Tis fired!

Spire, vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,
The turbaned victors, the Christian band,
All that of living or dead remain,
Hurled on high with the shivered fane,
In one wild roar expired!

Did the slain expire, and the vaults, and the shrine, and the dead?

As for a casual eagle in the neighbourhood, "The smoke assailed his startled beak!" "His startled beak" is a bold figure of speech.

The very grammar is odd. Speaking of Minotti, Byron says—

Since the day, when in the strait,
His only boy had met his fate,
His parent's iron hand did doom
More than a human hecatomb.

Whose parent's iron hand—the boy's parent's? It reads as if the boy's grandparent were intended—the father of Minotti himself. As for the versification, it is laxer and more rugged than Scott's when it is most rugged and most lax. There is no impetuous music as in—

Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far
The broken billows of the war,

or in—

'Twas vain—But Fortune on the right
With fickle smile cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky:
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry.
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced—forced back—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose.

This, too, is not in the grand style, but we hear the cries, we see the sword-strokes, our hearts follow anxiously the wavering falcon in the fight, and the verse leaps and rings. In a passage where similar vigour is wanted does Byron inspire us?—

When old Minotti's hand
Touched with the torch the train:
'Tis fired!

The train may be fired, but one reader is left singularly cold by the announcement.

We are all compact of prejudice and private taste, and one may be quite in the wrong about Byron's demerits in this piece, and in many such pieces. Mr. Matthew Arnold thought Macaulay no poet, but the readers of "Lyra Heroica" and "The Last Buccaneer" (not Kingsley's) will probably differ from Mr. Arnold, and probably will differ from my humble but sincere dislike of "The Siege of Corinth." Yet it does astonish me that verse like "The Siege" should have ousted Scott from popularity. Byron's vogue must have been, far more than any other great poet's, a personal vogue. The world behaved like Lady Caroline Lamb, who, seeing Byron for the first time at a party, said to herself, "That pale face is my fate!" She also wrote in her diary that he was "mad, bad, and dangerous to know." The contemporary world behaved in Lady Caroline's manner. First, it fell in love with Byron. His beauty, his birth (more important then than now), the mysteries about himself which he encouraged—all inflamed the passions and the curiosity of the world. A clergyman's wife, dying, left in her papers a prayer for Byron, which her husband sent to him. He could not but be affected by this strange interest which he had aroused in one who had never seen him. Goethe was excited by his reputation, and believed one of the many romantic tales about him. Then the world changed its mind. Byron was in debt, his wife left him, he had to retire from England; but all the mystery and mischief only heightened the vogue of his poetry. He, like Captain Burton (as it is said) and Baudelaire (as is certain), liked to pose as the hero of unedifying adventures. Harness, his friend, believed that his legends were pure inventions. Scott spoke out for him when "his back was at the wall" in the *Quarterly Review*, and at his death he lauded him in public and, with unmistakable sincerity of affection, in private. He managed to die in a blaze of glory, and for an illustrious cause. All this entered into the admiration of his poetry and inflamed it. People did not draw distinctions between the poet and the man. Mr. Matthew Arnold continued the generous tradition of praise. On the other hand, some critic tells us that Byron is now read only by a few schoolboys. His poetical position, at this moment, in public opinion is hard to determine. Is "Childe Harold" much read? Do many persons delight in "The Siege of Corinth" and "Lara," and all the gloomy, weary, unprincipled corsairs of his fancy? Or is it only "Don Juan" and a few lyrics that survive? In Byron are we not rather admiring the amazing vitality, the spirit like a flame, than any poetic results which that great force ever accomplished? Later generations than ours must give Byron his place among poets; we are still uncertain, still partly dominated by the personal qualities which, more than his poetry, really made him, for his hour, the monarch of Parnassus. For one, I believe that most people who write verse at all decently could have written a more adequate "Storming of Corinth." If it is a heresy to think so, it is a heresy with a large backing of erroneous opinion.

Tragedy and Comedy

Lucinda, when her husband dies
Bemoans her lot with streaming eyes:
There is your Tragedy:
After three days she takes good care
To cry when visitors are there:
There is your Comedy.



ij. Sometimes we see upon the boards
Bumpkins who speak & act like lords:—
That is in Tragedy.
And then the lords, in other plays,
Are just like bumpkins in their ways:
That is in Comedy.



iii. Two operettists swear they'll fight
To set their differences right:
There is your Tragedy:
They meet, embrace like bosom friends,
Breakfast, & there the matter ends:
There is your Comedy.

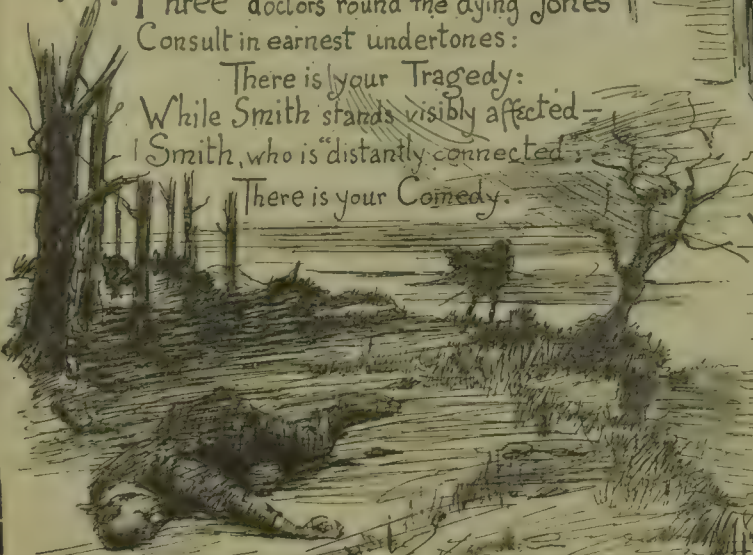


iv. All Paris braves the heat & squash
To see some blood-&-thunder bosh
That's called a Tragedy:
The interest Molière arouses
Is shown by almost empty houses:
And yet he's Comedy!



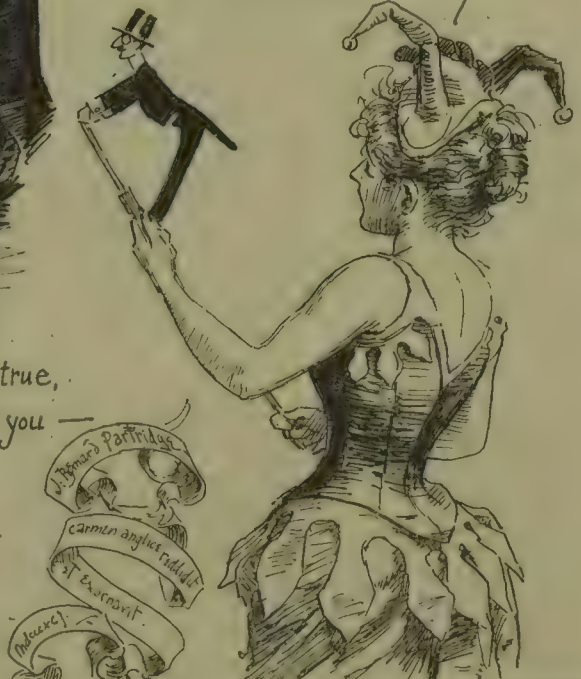
v. "Grimstones" have failed! & at their crash
A dozen other firms go smash:
There is your Tragedy:
And yet these same defaulting sinners
Continue giving first-class dinners:
There is your Comedy.

vi. Three doctors round the dying Jones
Consult in earnest undertones:
There is your Tragedy:
While Smith stands visibly affected—
Smith, who is distantly connected:
There is your Comedy.



vii. Ladies, of old, when you were true,
Your knights were true till death to you—
Love was a Tragedy:
But ah, too truly say we now
Of lover's faith, of lady's vow,
They are mere Comedy!

[From the French of ©URRY.]





THE LAST STALK OF THE SEASON.—DRAWN BY LANCE SPEED.

"THE PICTURESQUE MEDITERRANEAN."

A second royal quarto volume of this superb work, now complete, is published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., meriting a renewal of the praise with which the first volume was received. It contains, in fourteen chapters, the descriptive accounts, with numerous illustrations by good artists, of Nice, the Dardanelles, Malta, the Adriatic shores of Italy, Calabria, Malaga, the Ionian Islands, Sardinia, Algiers, the coast of Tuscany, Sicily, Naples, the Northern Adriatic, including Venice, Trieste and Istria, and the French and Italian Riviera. The writers are Mr. Grant-Allen, Miss Lucy Garnett, Dr. Robert Brown, the Rev. T. G. Bonney, Mr. Charles Edwardes, Mr. Arthur Griffiths, Mr. J. S. Stuart-Glennie, Mr. H. D. Traill, and Mr. Eustace Dall; of the artists, there is a coloured frontispiece, a view of Naples, by Mr. Birket Foster, and Messrs. J. Fulleylove, W. Simpson, C. W. Wyllie, W. H. J. Boot, E. T. Compton, W. D. Galpin, Edgar Barclay, J. MacWhirter, A.R.A., Alfred East, and W. Hatherell contribute drawings. The book is finely printed on the best paper, ranking in style with the original edition of "Picturesque Europe."

We have already said enough of the unequalled topographical and historical interest of the general subject. The shores of the Mediterranean and the Levant comprise, under a sunny sky, at once the utmost variety of beautiful features of sea-coast and landscape scenery—though we deem the western shores of our British Islands, with a different atmosphere, not less beautiful—and the greatest store, in their local memories, of romantic associations with the lives of past generations of mankind. The nations, the empires, the religions, the conflicts, the events, the beliefs, the customs of all classic and mediæval antiquity, and half the influences that have made the civilisation of modern Europe—Egyptian, Phœnician, Greek, Carthaginian, Roman, Vandal, Saracenic and Moorish, the Provençal, the Italian, Spanish, French, and English—have left their stamp, and the older races have left their ruins, on the shores of the Inland Sea. There is hardly a point, a bay, or an islet between Gibraltar and the Bosphorus, in the Tyrrhene, or in the Adriatic, or in the Ægean, in the Ionian archipelago, and on the coasts of Asia Minor and of Syria, or on the African coast, that does not bear witness to some event or tradition which literary scholarship holds of value among the treasures of the learned mind. Instead of two volumes, a hundred volumes might be filled with the due recital of these interesting themes. It is for readers who have already studied history, poetry, and the antiquities of art to supply a modicum of such recollections for their own intellectual pleasure, while the descriptions in this work are chiefly of the existing aspects of so many celebrated places.

Only those illustrated by the three engravings we are allowed to borrow can here be noticed. We would pause over Mr. Simpson's view of the Plains of Troy, with Homer's tale in our mind's ear, to call up the armed ghosts of Hector and Achilles, of Ajax and Agamemnon. We should like to dwell on Mr. H. D. Traill's brilliant and accurate sketch of a tour round Sicily; that fair but unhappy island, the ancient stepping-stone of Grecian civilisation westward, the occasion of disaster to Athens, the subject of fierce contention between Rome and Carthage, the field of Norman valour, the seat of the Swabian emperors, the birthplace of Italian poetry, whose earlier history Dr. E. A. Freeman has lately begun to relate. Calabria, of which Mr. Charles Edwardes writes too drily, unlike his interesting treatment of Western Crete, was the "Magna Grecia" that nurtured the beginnings of Greek philosophy, was the scene of Hannibal's warfare, and was,



ON THE HILL BEYOND ZANTE.



AMENDOLEA, UPPER CALABRIA.

or adjacent Apulia, the birthplace of Horace, who sings of its southern promontory—

*Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet.*

Without accompanying Mr. Edwardes to Tarentum, we commend also this chapter, and copy the small view of Amendolea, with its old tower of defence against Turkish or Moorish pirates. Putting to sea again, we approach Malta, noticing the view, from Gozo (the isle of mystic Calypso in the Odyssey) looking towards Comino, where a first-class British ironclad ship was sunk not long ago. The principal island, with the port and city of Valletta, is familiar to many English travellers, and to our naval and military men, while few of us are wholly ignorant of the once wealthy establishment of the Knights of St. John. More attractive to visitors, though no longer in British keeping, are the Ionian Islands, of which Mr. J. Stuart-Glennie furnishes a good account. Corfu, within easy remembrance, was a favourite army station. If one has perused Thucydides, one recollects that here began the political troubles of the Greek Republics, which led to the Pelopon-

nesian War and the loss of the Athenian army at Syracuse, already observed. So are the shores of the Mediterranean linked together by famous historical actions of the ancient world. It is quite possible that in those waters, at some future day, the powerful modern navies of Europe, with their rams, hundred-ton guns, and torpedoes, may settle the question of maritime dominion. More willingly should we lie in the channel at Ithaca, to see in imagination the household of Odysseus, the faithful Penelope and brave Telemachus awaiting the hero's return, and to approve of his coming vengeance on the insolent suitors. Zante, a delightful and fertile island, affords the subject of one of Mr. C. W. Wyllie's sketches. The architecture of the town is quite Italian. The finest view is from the castle ramparts, presenting, on all sides except the eastern, "a mass of groves, houses, and gardens in picturesque confusion." Its eastern side has been rent by a landslip, from an earthquake; and in that direction extends "the long line of the coast of Greece, from Missolonghi to Navarino; in the blue distance are the lofty mountains of Acarnania and Ætolia, of Arcadia and Messenia. Above the eastern extremity of the bay rises the jagged summit of Mount Skopos, to the height of 1300 ft.; of old covered with pines, as its ancient name, Mount Ælatus, implies, it is now covered with groves of olive, almond, and orange trees. Towards the north, Cephalonia rises abruptly from the sea with its Black Mountain still girt with pines." There is no end of landscape beauty and grandeur, or of inspiring reminiscences, in the "Picturesque Mediterranean."

This work, probably from the necessity of avoiding delay in compilation, betrays a want of methodical arrangement in the order of its chapters. "Nice" begins the present volume, which ends with "The Riviera." But the failure of sequence is of little consequence, as each chapter will be separately read for its own sake. With regard to the Riviera, Mr. Grant Allen prefers Antibes, for climate, to any other place; he gives it also the palm for beauty, though he admires Monaco and Mentone. Of Nice he remarks, with reference to visible traces of its history, that there are three Nices—Greek, Italian, and French—to which he might have added Roman and Provençal; indeed, there is an English or Anglo-American Nice. Collectively, and in another sense, the visitor may be right in saying with this author, "There is only one Nice; let us make the most of it." Every such place becomes very cosmopolitan in these days. The shores, as well as the waters, of the Mediterranean seem to belong to the whole civilised world, not by political sovereignty, but by the community of tastes, manners, and ideas. They belong likewise to all generations in all ages; the past is present in thought; to the instructed mind nothing is out of date, nothing is foreign; our intellectual inheritance is "so herrlich weit und breit." Will international jealousies and spites, in all time, forbid us to regard the Mediterranean as the property of all mankind—the vast and rich Museum of a Story of three thousand years?



MALTA AND COMINO, FROM GOZO.

LITERATURE.

A CAUSERIE.

I hear an ominous growl from sedate criticism that it is high time the *causerie* was shown up for the intrusive, ephemeral midge that he is. When I see a huge, solid mastiff gravely discussing a bone, and snapping now and then with ineffectual jaws at the irresponsible trifle who hovers round on a dilettante wing, I behold the allegory of the sober critic and the irritating person who toys and dallies with the subject, and tenses his betters out of all patience. But the *causerie* is sometimes so amiable, so incapable of anything like the rudeness of suddenly alighting on the mastiff's nose, that even the sternest resolve to pick a bone quite clean may relax at the sight of him. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, for example, in the little volume he calls "As We Were Saying" (Osgood, McIlvaine), touches a variety of things—bonnets, gowns, women's suffrage, conversation, altruism, Tolstoi, and the alleged mystery of the eternal feminine—with a dainty serenity which need not offend even the serious critic who would not treat any of these topics in any space short of a volume. There are two surprising things about Mr. Warner's agreeable essays. Though they appeared originally in the "Editor's Drawer" of *Harper's Magazine*, they have none of the aggressive Americanism of the adjoining "Editor's Study." Mr. Warner does not write with the stars and stripes wrapped round his head like a wet towel. Unlike Mr. Howells, he seems to be happily untroubled by the pernicious ignorance of the British people. And, still further unlike Mr. Howells, he has actually heard of Mr. George Meredith, who, it appears, has convinced "a well-known lady" in America that he "understands women better than any writer who has preceded him."

Mr. Warner, I observe, is a sceptic about this "mystery of the sex," which, he says, was unknown until novelists and essayists agreed to "raise a mist" for women to masquerade in. Now that woman is supreme in civilised society, with a literature devoted to her infinite possibilities, and analytical novelists constantly striving to catch her fleeting humours, a man should be humbly grateful when he can find any piece of womanhood intelligible for four-and-twenty hours. I do not profess to comprehend the heroine of Miss Amélie Rives's "According to St. John" (W. Heinemann). She is a very attractive and pathetic little soul, but why she should harrow my feelings by committing suicide because her husband still thinks of his first wife, I deferentially confess my inability to understand. Jean is a morbid little creature, and the husband is a more or less fantastic projection of that hypochondriacal romance which possesses the minds of some ladies; but what Miss Rives chooses to see in the world she undeniably sees with remarkable intensity. I daresay it is merely the grossness of a man's envelope which prevents him from seeing the same things; and, at all events, I am happily sensible of the charm of Miss Rives's style, which is a good deal less exuberant than when I was last ushered into its presence, and of the little delicacies of observation which are lavished profusely on every page.

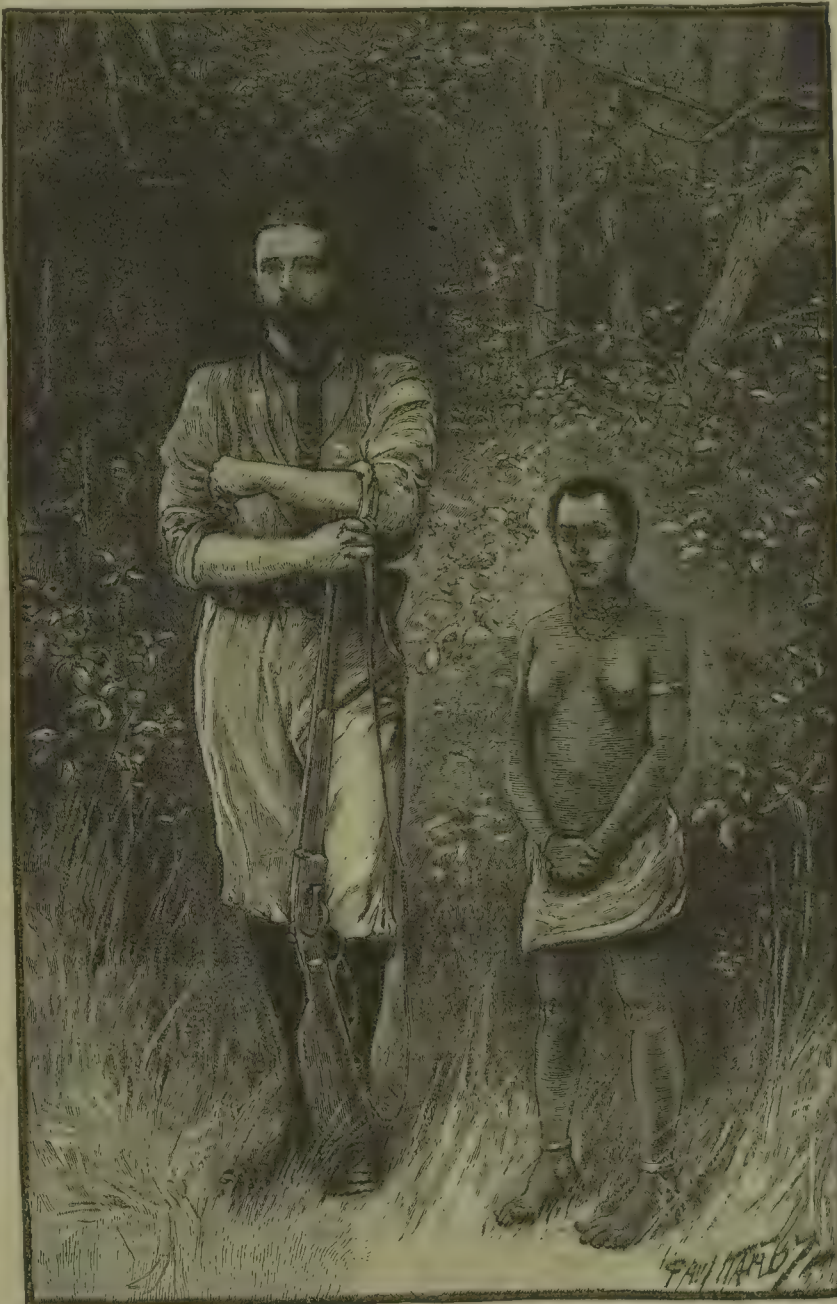
But I think Mr. Warner would be really comforted by "John Sherman and Dhoya" (T. Fisher Unwin), the author of which is evidently a lady who does not believe in the "mystery of the sex." She is determined, I imagine, to reduce women, and men likewise, to their proper proportions. There is no interminable involution of sentiment in John Sherman or in either of the two ladies who have the honour of possessing his heart. You are introduced to him when he is catching eels. A partiality for this pursuit is the dominant note of his character. He varies it by wishing he were a black cat, that he might doze all day and catch flies at intervals. His first love is a young woman who jilts him for a curate. She throws her arms round the curate's neck, exclaiming, "Ah! you—and I. We were made for each other. I hate Sherman. He is an egotist. He is a beast. He is selfish and foolish." So Sherman goes back to his eels, and to an excellent lady in Ireland, whom he fancies he has loved all along. There is no mystery, you will notice, in any of these persons; and I was not surprised when the Irish girl, after showing a proper spirit by burning the eel-catcher's letters before his face, came to the conclusion that he was a noodle who ought to be taken care of. But even Mr. Warner, I fancy, after reading this story will yearn for a little complication, and rather less of the violent simplicity of the maiden who tells the new love that the old is "a beast," and not so much of the sententious wisdom which announces that "to grind one grain is sufficient for a lifetime." There is no more sufficiency in that, for the purposes of fiction, than in the catching of eels; and I entreat Mr. Unwin to impress upon this pseudonymous lady that even a jilt who throws herself into the arms of a curate may perform that astonishing feat without accessories which would certainly startle most of the curates with whom I have the honour to be acquainted.

"Silence is the best disapproval," says Mr. Henry James in the excellent piece of criticism prefixed to "The Odd Number" (Osgood, McIlvaine), a series of stories translated from Guy de Maupassant by Mr. Jonathan Sturges. To take people up only to put them down is "to add to the vain gesticulation of the human scene." But it is the *causerie's* business to gesticulate, and he performs this pantomime with an unselfish desire to put some excellent creatures in the way of bettering their artistic method. I know this is sometimes mistaken for impertinent patronage, but why should I be deterred by such a misunderstanding from begging Mr. Unwin's pseudonymous ladies to read their Maupassant and inwardly digest him? M. de Maupassant's method is not the only one in the higher range of fiction, but if I kept a school of budding novelists I should use "The Odd Number" as a text-book. Three of these stories, "A Coward," "The Piece of String," and "La Mère Sauvage," ought to be written out, say fifteen times, by young persons of both sexes who are yearning to plunge into the "Pseudonym Series," from one of Mr. Unwin's literary bathing-machines. They will not learn everything from M. de Maupassant. There are certain degrees of moral temperature, certain tones of spiritual atmosphere, which must be studied elsewhere; but the means which he employs to effect a clearly defined object, in order to leave on the reader's mind an impression of poignant humanity, are well worth the attention of amateur story-tellers. L. F. A.

SURGEON PARKE ON MR. STANLEY'S EXPEDITION.

The pile of books on the unhappy Emin Pasha Relief Expedition forms a heap of literature which has become tedious by its repetition of the same details, and remains for ever painful by the bitter personal recriminations of the European officers, and the friends of two who died, in that disastrous adventure of the Aruwimi forest route between Yambuya and Lake Albert Nyanza. But Dr. Thomas Heazle Parke, surgeon of the Army Medical Staff, to whose exemplary diligence and skill almost every surviving English member of the party seems indebted for saving his life, has still a good right to invite favourable perusal of his own "Experiences in Equatorial Africa." These will, perhaps, be not the less acceptable, to many readers, as Dr. Parke now proffers no additional direct evidence, one way or the other, upon the amazing charges against Major Barttelot and Mr. J. S. Jameson, and gives no fresh support, on the opposite side, to complaints of Mr. H. M. Stanley's conduct in chief command.

In this volume, which is published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., containing above 500 pages, with a map and some twenty illustrations, Dr. Parke, who was nowise responsible for the helplessness of the rear-guard camp, the confusion of its orders, its betrayal by Tippoo Tib, and the waste of stores for want of means of carriage, relates the fortunes of Mr. Stanley's advance column from the medical officer's point of view. Instead of much verbal scene-painting of that stupendous tropical forest, which must indeed be of a peculiar character if some of its trees, as Mr. Stanley said at the Royal Albert Hall, are 4000 years old, this writer is intent on describing, with professional exactness, the statistics of physical maladies, famines, wounds, fevers,



SURGEON PARKE AND HIS FAITHFUL PIGMY.

and other sufferings endured by Mr. Stanley's followers, victims of the Aruwimi route. The practical utility of such information should be commended to any future leader of African travel who might be tempted, by a rival ambition, to penetrate that gloomy labyrinth of avoidable difficulties, rather than taking the comparatively open routes to the north and south of it, or from the east coast, to reach the Lake and the Upper Nile. We admit that much praise is justly due to the executive vigour and courage of Mr. Stanley's comrades, Lieutenant Stairs, Mr. Mounteney Jephson, Captain Nelson, and Dr. Parke himself, in performing the work of the advance column. Here, in the chapters relating their terrible ordeal of endurance at Ipoto, from Oct. 19, 1887, to Jan. 26, and their life at Fort Bodo during the greater part of the year 1888, we have entirely new matter. The establishment and maintenance of the position at Fort Bodo, while Mr. Stanley went back to pick up the remains of the rear column, would appear to have been the critical point of safety for the whole expedition.

As might be expected, Dr. Parke's testimony is most valuable concerning the types of disease, the symptoms, causes, and treatment, in all the localities where his skill was exercised; and he presents an elaborate "study of bacteriology" which must have considerable scientific interest. Another subject on which his observations will merit particular authority is that of the poisons used by some native tribes for envenoming the points of their arrows, with one of which Lieutenant Stairs was wounded. Much knowledge of this and kindred secrets was communicated to Dr. Parke by his faithful little native female servant, usually called "my pigmy woman," from Monbutto, who was also a clever cook and a good sick-nurse, and useful in collecting edible roots, leaves, fungi, and insects, while her docility and the modesty of her demeanour won her master's esteem.

"A MINOR POET."

"No sound ever went to the heart," says one of Lord Lytton's heroes, "whose arrow was not feathered by sadness"; and, though the assertion is somewhat too sweeping to be taken without a substantial grain of salt, there is yet a vast deal of truth in it, not only as applied to the inarticulate magic of music, but to every form of artistic expression, and to that of poetry above all. The cadences that haunt, the rhythms that remain with us; the airs that cling the closest in our memories—have they not all a touch, at least, of a sentiment not determined enough for sorrow, too vague for regret, yet partaking of the nature of both? While, to be sure, the blithest measures take on an undertone of melancholy if only we keep them by us long enough for them to become impregnated with the *Schmerz* that lies at the core of our nature. We are never merry when we hear sweet music; and sadder, sweeter music than that which echoes from the broken lyre of this minor poet shall you rarely find. Had she but lived, what better things still might she not have given us!

This volume* is all the more interesting as representing practically Amy Levy's first book of poems, for it is a reprint of the edition of '84, in which was embodied the most important part of the collection published at Cambridge ten years ago, including "Xantippe," the poem that gave its title to the simple yellow paper brochure. The last two poems in the present edition (a sonnet and a translation from Geibel) are now also added from the original volume. A profound melancholy pervades almost every page—

Mein Herz, mein Herz ist traurig,
Doch lustig leuchtet der Mai,

might well serve as the keynote of the book, which would seem, indeed, to be the reflection of moods not unfamiliar to many, though experienced with a like intensity by but few. Essentially personal as are most of these poems, they are none the less impressive. In all likelihood Marie Bashkirtseff never revealed more—nay, never as much—of her true "inner consciousness" in her much-talked-of Diary than has the author of "A Minor Poet" between the covers of this slender volume of verses, that are now passionately important as the nightingale's note, now hopeless as the sound of breakers on the beach, and now, again, calm with a philosophical, fatalistic acceptance of grief as a birthright. "Xantippe" and "Medea" are full of subtle perception and dramatic power—they are very full, too, of human nature. The command of words and felicity of phrase are as remarkable as the decorative, yet unconventional, qualities of form and colour, so unusual a merit in the handling of motives chosen from the antique. Throughout, the *technique* is large and modern, and 'tis but seldom that it fails to keep pace with the inspiration (solely, perhaps, in the not quite perfect rhythm of those lines entitled "In a Minor Key"). The treatment in "Magdalen" bears traces of the influence of Rossetti, but the poem is quite original in idea. The dainty, half-humorous half-pathetic lines "To Lallie" show a lightness of touch that betokens how well the author could have written *vers de société* had she listed. "Christopher Found" is little more than an *ébauche* of a marred love-story, and is as moving and suggestive as such things are. Of the title-poem itself it is hard to speak, so keen is the mournful significance thereof, so difficult is it entirely to separate the productions from the writer. The workmanship is uniformly excellent, and the language tense and strong, while such passages as the following mark it as the work of a true poet—

Yet, who knows?

My life was jarring discord from the first;
Tho' here and there brief hints of melody,
Of melody unutterable, clove the air.
From this bleak world, into the heart of night,
The dim, deep bosom of the universe,
I cast myself. I only crave for rest;
Too heavy is the load. I fling it down.

"The Sick Man and the Nightingale," "To Sylvia," and "An Epitaph" all are good, and very good. "A Cross-Road Epitaph," for form and terse beauty of expression, is not all unworthy to be ranked with the graven gems of the Greek Anthology—

When first the world grew dark to me,
I call'd on God; yet came not He.
Whereon, as wearier wax'd my lot,
On Love I call'd; but Love came not.
When a worse evil did befall,
Death, on thee only did I call.

But, perhaps, "Sinfonia Eroica" is the best thing in the book. The portrait, an excellent reproduction from a photograph, which forms the frontispiece, is as satisfactory as such a portrait can be; and 'twere almost hypercritical to observe that it hardly does justice to the deep, beautiful eyes and the firm, fine lines of the mobile mouth. That, however, lies beyond the province of the photographer. The printing and binding of the volume leave nothing to be desired.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

* *A Minor Poet, and Other Verse.* By Amy Levy. Cameo Series. T. Fisher Unwin, London. (Second Edition.)

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "Angling Sketches," by Andrew Lang. (Longmans.)
- "A Guide to Grasse," by An English Resident. (Simpkin and Marshall.)
- "Brand: A Drama," by Henrik Ibsen. Translated by William Wilson. (Methuen.)
- "The Devil's Picture-Books: A History of Playing-Cards," by Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "The Bookworm: A Treasury of Old-Time Literature." Vol. IV. (Elliot Stock.)
- "Home Life on an Ostrich Farm," by Annie Martin. Second edition. (George Philip and Son.)
- "A Transatlantic Holiday," by T. Fitz-Patrick. (Sampson Low and Co.)
- "Santa Barbara, and Other Stories," by Ouida. (Chatto and Windus.)
- "The History of the Great Civil War, 1642-1649," by Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Vol. III. (Longmans.)
- "Life and Times of Niccolò Machiavelli," by Professor Pasquale Villari. Translated by Madame Linda Villari. Two vols. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "The Princess Mazaroff," by Joseph Hatton. Two vols. (Hutchinson.)



"THREE GOOD FRIENDS."—AFTER DETTI.

JUDY.

BY MABEL E. WOTTON.

It is a great nuisance when other people insist on our sharing their responsibilities, and so I found it when my old friend Sir Horace Trent wrote from Yorkshire to urge me to have an eye to his boy, who was coming up to London to look round him for a bit, and (apparently) to enjoy himself before settling down on his own land and taking unto himself a wife.

"He is a good lad," wrote the fond father, "as he ought to be, for I have had him educated at home, and still keep him entirely dependent upon me. We talked of Oxford, but Horry does not care for books. It was his dead mother's sister who persuaded me into giving him some town life instead: she says we shall have him a Tony Lumpkin unless he mixes with young men of his own class. As soon as he is of age he is going to marry Lord Lambton's daughter, whose estates join mine: but if, in the meanwhile, you could see your way to standing *in loco parentis*, I should esteem it an excessive favour."

My friendship with Trent dated from Eton days, and, as he had done his best for me in professional ways when I first left the hospitals and was struggling hard to secure a practice, I answered that I would do what lay in my power to serve his son, though I regretted that power was small.

So at length "Horry" arrived, and, in spite of his father's absurd system of education, he proved a manly young fellow enough, albeit at twenty: till a thorough schoolboy, and with all a schoolboy's intention of making the most of his present stroke of good-fortune.

"My father told me, Sir, that I was to fling about a bit. I hope you don't mean to stop me?" he said ingenuously; and as my own views among young men were not only diametrically opposed to Sir Horace's, but were at least equally fixed, he and I were soon as capital friends as an idle youngster and an over-worked doctor well could be. The first few weeks I found him a pleasant companion enough, without having anything much in him, and then he picked up other friends for himself, and gradually drifted away from me. But whenever I chanced to come across him, which was not unfrequently, as I had made him a member of my own club, it was always with a sense of

satisfaction that Horry was so thoroughly simple and above board. It would not have been agreeable to report matters down to Yorkshire if he had turned out as fast as—well, if my memory served me right—as his own father had once been.

I was thinking over this, and recalling some boyish escapades in which we had both borne our part—enticing dare-devilry it appeared to me then, arrant foolery I designated it now—one glorious June night, as I walked down Piccadilly with the intention of dropping in at the club for a few minutes on my way home to bed. I had had a fit of sleeplessness lately, and was anxious to try what more exercise would do for me, which was the reason I had dismissed the carriage.

Being on foot, I noticed several things I might not otherwise have seen, and among them what a charming girl-face was peeping from a private hansom which stood at the foot of the club steps. It drew hurriedly back as the eyes met mine, and I went on leisurely, stopping in the doorway to speak to a couple of men who were exchanging last words while holding the door open in such a way that the girl in the cab could, if she had chosen, have glanced straight along the hall, and up the wide marble staircase. Following the direction her eyes might have taken, I saw Horry Trent and some half a dozen others loitering at the top of the stairs, and engaged in some exceedingly vehement discussion about the trickery or genuineness of the feats of a certain "strong man" who was then making himself a name at the music-halls. I was not paying much attention to what they were saying, until I heard young

Trent exclaim, "I'll show you how!" and, with the words, saw him swing himself over the rail of the banisters, and hang suspended by his hands to the iron supports. What he wanted to prove or do I never heard; whether he twisted his wrist as he climbed over, or whether—for the hour was late, and young brains are easily heated—he was in no fit state for the attempt, I do not know; but as I turned from my friends at the hall-door with an angry, "Horry! Don't play the fool!" his hold suddenly loosened, and he fell heavily to the hall below with a dull crash and a little stifled cry.

The cry, louder, far more frightened, was echoed from behind me, and, speeding up the steps with such haste that she reached him before



He fell heavily to the hall below with a dull crash and a little stifled cry.

either I or the men upon the stairs could do so, came the girl whose pretty face I had noticed outside.

"Dick! Dick! My darling, you are hurt! You are dying!"

Her words, shrill in her terror, rang out clearly.

Dick? There was no mistaking it. "He might fling about a bit," his father had said—"Dick! Dick!" wailed the girl—and apparently he had flung about.

We closed in around them, this boy and girl, who were equally unconscious of our solicitude and of our wondering looks, and I tried to make out the extent of the damage. He had fallen with one leg twisted under him, and it was badly broken; but this, with the exception of a rather nasty cut on his head, seemed to complete his injuries, though he looked a ghastly object with his white blood-stained face, which the girl was covering with kisses, and trying to wipe with little shaking hands.

"No need to be so frightened," I assured her. "Mr. Trent. . . He, I mean," for I did not know under what name she might know him—"he has not come to much harm. That will stop in a minute, and I can set his leg. I'm a doctor."

She loosed her jealous hold of him then, and knelt by me silently, a pathetic little object in her bright-stained white gown, while I bandaged the cut, and temporarily bound up the



C. Palmer

"I say, Doctor, let it be just as Judy wants," muttered my patient at this juncture.

twice-broken bone; but as I was finishing, and Horry began groaning with gradually recovering consciousness, she whispered that he must be taken home at once, and not be carried up to one of the club bed-rooms, as someone in the little crowd around us was suggesting. I demurred for the moment, for it seemed a pity to move him farther than was necessary; but her grief, which was out of all proportion to the accident, had rendered her so deaf to reason that, when she announced that if he stayed she should stay too, my dread of a scene settled the matter. My "boyish" and "simple" young gentleman from the country might be showing himself in the colours of an accomplished town-bred scamp, but that was no reason why I should send the girl into hysterics, and so inevitably bring the scandal into the papers, and thus to Sir Horace's ears.

"I say, Doctor, let it be just as—as Judy wants," muttered my patient at this juncture. He had found his voice while I was making preparations for a move. Then, turning his head

bear anything but the most tender care; and, though I had no intention of sparing him, my talk with him perforce had to wait. But as, thanks to her refusal to have a proper nurse, I was obliged to go to the lodgings constantly, I saw a good deal of Judy during that time, and it must be owned that the more I saw of her the more I liked her. She was a blithe little person, and as ignorant as a baby, and often, when her Dick was lying in a heavy stupor, she would sit by him busy with her needlework, and humming bright little tunes, while insisting on my congratulating her on the peacefulness of his slumbers.

"I hope you are not an expensive doctor," she said one morning with a sudden gravity, "for we are quite poor people, Dick and I, and you are being so kind to us."

She was generally, in spite of her childishness, so reticent about their own concerns that I seized the opportunity she gave me, and asked point-blank, "What does Dick do?"

"Nothing." The gravity which was so oddly at variance with her short rough curls and dimpling lips deepened. Evidently the matter had weighed heavily upon her gentle soul. "We have still got some money left, and when that is gone he is going to turn actor, or be a clerk, or

blow of fresh air of which the poor child stood so sorely in need.

"We will go out together when he is well again, Dick and I," she declared; and young Trent only joined in her laugh at my very real vexation.

"Never mind, Doctor," he would say lazily. "Judy is such a darling that she twists us both round her finger. I'll look after her when I'm well again."

This sort of thing went on until their landlady was good enough to stay a day in bed with a sick headache, and as Judy, who seemed able to turn her hand to most things, instantly volunteered to manage her own cooking, she left me in charge, in the sunny little badly furnished room, with a saucy promise that I should share their evening meal if I could contrive to keep Dick amused during her absence.

Directly the door shut behind her his face changed, and he eyed me as if he were a schoolboy had up for punishment.

"You think me a confounded fool, don't you, Doctor?" he said at once, his anxiety for my opinion upon that point being seemingly no keener than was his endeavour to arrange some roses she had given him. "Hand me that vase, will you, please? I want to put them into water."

I did not hand him the vase, but instead I crossed the room to where he was lying back in an easy chair by the open window, and I asked him a straight question.

"Do you mind frankly owning in what light you consider yourself, Horry Trent?"

There was a pause. Then: "How, Doctor?"

"How?" My pent-up anger exploded. "How, you young scamp? How dare you talk to me like that? These private quarters as well as your own rooms: this young lady—how are you going to account for them to your father and Lady Alice Lambton?"

I stopped abruptly, for the boy's eyes were flashing, his face crimson.

"Do you take me for a blackguard?" he asked wrathfully. "Judy is my wife."

I laughed.



"I had to go across the Gardens to give a lesson, and he was coming back from an early swim. A man annoyed me once, and Dick knocked him down. That is how I knew him."

with difficulty towards her, and trying to smile, "It will be all right, darling," he added. "Tell him what to do."

This telling chiefly consisted in giving an address in Sloane Street instead of the order to drive to his own rooms in St. James's; for the girl herself was so thoroughly unnerved that when, by the timely loan of a carriage, we had reached their lodgings, she was fit for nothing better than to kneel clinging to his hands, while I got him to bed, and set the broken limb.

"It is too late for a nurse to-night," I said to her when, there being nothing further to be done, I was about to go, "but I will send one the first thing in the morning."

"Please don't," she said at once. "I can nurse my husband myself. I should not like anyone else to touch him."

She stood up as she spoke, and looked at me steadily with eyes that had suddenly dried; and, annoyed beyond measure as I felt at the entire affair, there was something in the dignity of gesture and words that forced me to recognise for the first time that perhaps she had a certain amount of right to be consulted.

"You are not old enough to nurse a man by yourself. Listen! He is rambling as it is; that blow to the head may make him delirious for a day or two. I will send someone to help you in the morning," I repeated.

"I am nearly seventeen. I can nurse my husband," she said again. "I won't have anyone here. I will send them away again if they come."

There was a little pause, during which I mentally debated what were best to be done, and then she came slowly over to me, and took one of my hands in both her own.

"You will be kind to me? I love him so," she said softly.

It was such a childish speech, and there was something so forlorn and unprotected about her, and about the sudden change in her voice, that my anger against her died away. Perhaps she believed in "Dick," and the ring upon her finger meant more to her than a mere compliment to conventionality.

"There! there!" I said, patting the little hands as I might have tried to quiet a child, "we will see what can be done. And if you really prefer it, I dare say you can manage alone. I will come in the morning. Whom shall I ask for?"

"Me," she answered over her shoulder, as she went back to the bedside, "Mrs. Trent."

And so I went off and left them, feeling worried and puzzled.

For the next few days our invalid was in no fit state to

something; he has not quite decided. I used to be a music teacher, but he won't let me earn money now."

"And you met him—where?"

"In the Broad Walk every morning."

I had to go across the Gardens to give a lesson, and he was coming back from an early swim. A man annoyed me once, and Dick knocked him down. That is how I knew him."

It was a commonplace little romance, with a sadly commonplace ending; but Judy's pretty face and gay, impulsive ways gave it both its excuse and its unwonted touch of poetry. Scolding sometimes like a little vixen when she held me directly responsible for a wakeful night; nearly sobbing her heart out when "Dick," in his restiveness, dropped a rough word; delicious in her bursts of gaiety; pathetic, mischievous, and wholly loving by turns, Judy was a companion of whom no one could tire.

"I was all alone till I had him," she said to me, one day, in half apology for her lightly varying moods. "When I think of that, I can't help being wildly happy now."

"And if you lost him—if anything came between you?" I hazarded.

"I should die!" she said, with a sudden fierce conviction. "I should not even try to live without my Dick."

It was the day after this that I had a chance of speaking to him. It was a month and more since the accident, and not only had the injury to the head long since healed, but in another fortnight I predicted he would be about again, and as strong upon his legs as ever. I had never been with him alone for above a few minutes at a time; for, disregarding my orders as completely as if they had never been uttered, Judy had strenuously refused to leave her patient, even for the

"See here, then." He jerked out his pocket-book, and showed me the certificate. It was plain enough: *Irene Grant and Horace Richard Trent*; and, certainly nothing less would have convinced me of the truth of what he said.

He took my apologies in no very forgiving spirit, until I had succeeded in making him believe that I had known all the time, and most positively, that Judy herself was fully assured of her right to his name. Then whatever I had further thought of him seemed to trouble him little.

"As long as even you could see my Judy was perfection, I don't care a straw if you thought me a villain or not. But you see I am not so clever as you. I could never have conceived playing up to such melodrama," he said, with a touch of youthful malice; and I took the snub meekly, for, after all, Horry Trent was a gentleman, and my outspoken suspicions could not have been pleasant to hear.

But that did not remove the fact that his conduct had been utterly unwarrantable, and so I proceeded to tell him, ending with: "What do you suppose your father will say to it, eh?"

"Oh, but my father mustn't know." The lad was aglance at the mere idea.

"You are afraid of him?"

He nodded. "It is no use pretending I am not. I am awfully afraid of the governor. You don't know him, Sir."

"I think I do," I answered grimly; for Trent in his younger days was one of the most passionate men I ever met.

"But you are his only child, and he writes as if he were devoted to you. Make a clean breast of it, Horry."

"I daren't." The shiver with which he spoke was a clearer commentary on his words than if they had been more explanatory: probably he knew his father better than I did. "At present it is a close fit on my allowance, and, though Judy keeps things straight here, I am in debt all round at my other rooms. But the day he knew, he'd stop it, and then we should starve."

I was pacing up and down the room, and took a turn or two in silence while I pondered the matter. The doubt certainly occurred to me whether I ought not to tell Sir Horace myself; but I dismissed it at once, and impatiently. Why should I hasten the coming consequences of Horry's folly? And then, too, starvation was an ugly word to use in connection with Judy.

"How much does she know about it?" I came to a standstill by his chair as I asked him this.

"Who? My wife?" There was all a lover's pride in the words. "She does not know anything more than the fact that we picked up each other in Kensington Gardens." He leaned back his head, and enlivened the seriousness of the talk, which seemed leading nowhere, and which was only taking up my time, by a hearty rollicking laugh. "It is rather a lark after all, isn't it, Doctor? My respected father arranges my marriage on the most approved principles: so many acres are to be joined to so many more, with a bride of high degree to boot; and then—a row with a too attentive navy, a shy 'Thank you' from Judy, and, hey presto! I am a married man, while my poor father continues hatching his plans with unruined composure."

I swallowed my exasperation as best I could. What was the use of arguing with him? "And Lady Alice?"

"Oh, she is a very sweet girl, and all that sort of thing, but I am sure she does not care for me. She thinks me rather a fool, I fancy; and, at all events, I wasn't to speak to her until I was of age. Old Lambton was the one who was keen on it—he cares for it as much as my father, but Alice and I have not much of a look in."

He smiled again, and, irritated beyond measure at his apparent inability to grasp the gravity of the situation in which he had chosen to place himself, I tried to shake his maddening equanimity. I drew a picture of what his life might have been if he had not wrecked it at the outset by his criminal selfishness and entire ignoring of the claims of a father who, whatever faults he might possess, had always been a kind and indulgent father to him. I talked of the Parliamentary career which he was to adopt if he so cared, and where Lord Lambton's influence would have stood him in good stead; or, if he declined it, then the luxurious and delightful life of leisure he would have led as the young squire, with intervals of town life, where his wife's social position would have told heavily. And then, with my eyes still fixed on his moody, sullen face, for, as he acknowledged, he had perpetually shirked this facing of the future, and the prospect was but a dark one, I drew the reverse picture, of how matters would be with him when Sir Horace discovered the truth.

"He sha'n't discover it," muttered the lad savagely, as he pulled poor Judy's flowers to pieces with restless angry fingers.

How was he to prevent it? I asked. "Here we were already late in July, and no power on earth could prevent him having to return home for the Twelfth of August. If he refused to go, the next train would bring Sir Horace, in spite of the enfeebled health which had kept him out of London for some years, to investigate the causes for himself, and then the day of reckoning would come. If, on the other hand, Horry did as he was ordered and went back meekly, how was his wife to live without even a sovereign in the already rapidly emptying purse?"

"Then, in any case, you think he'll find out soon?" The lad was never meant to play a losing game: his voice was faltering, his whole attitude dejected and miserable.

"I am certain of it," I rejoined emphatically. His conduct in dragging down my little friend Judy to such a hopeless kind of existence rendered me callous to his pain, and I had no



She snatched away her hand, and backed against the wall, her eyes shining strangely in the light of the flickering hall-lamp.

intention just at present of proposing various plans I was concocting for their joint benefit. After all, there must be work of some sort for which he was fitted, and, even if Trent remained implacable to the day of his death, he could hardly carry either the baronetcy or entailed property with him to another world.

There was a short silence, during which I preferred leaving the young gentleman to his own meditations, and then I asked—the question led nowhere, but I was curious on the point—why Judy always called him "Dick"? I did not even know he had a second christian name until I saw it upon the registrar's paper.

"I don't know exactly," he answered. "My father has kept me all my life so completely under his thumb that, even up here, where I am free, I have always had an uneasy feeling that at any moment he might crop up at my elbow. He is a sort of bogey to me. I told her my name was Dick in the first instance, I suppose, meaning to keep my real name from her, and then, when it went further, and I found she'd marry me, of course she had to have it in full. But she knows nothing of my people. She thinks they are mostly dead, I believe, like her own."

Our talk did not stop there, but it came to no more satisfactory results. Horribly afraid of consequences, and yet never for a moment regretting the step he had taken; lamenting his hard luck, still declaring in the same breath that Judy had made him the happiest fellow alive; cowardly, yet honourable, Horry seemed destined to remain impractical, weak, and lovable to the end of the chapter. I held my peace at last, and began talking of other things, and it was only then that we noticed how late it had grown, and that Judy's absence was stretching itself to an unconscionable length.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind shouting for her at the head of the stairs?" Horry said anxiously. But as I was going out of the room I met her coming in, with a tray in her arms, and followed by the little maid of the house.

"No, thank you; I don't want the candles lighted yet. I can manage quite well," she said, and I vainly strained my eyes in the twilight to catch a glimpse of her face, for her voice sounded tired, I thought.

She assured me I was correct, and that it was on account of the cooking, when, the lights being at length placed upon the table, I told her this. But the little dinner was so simple an affair that I failed to see on what she had expended such effort. It seemed to me that the most incompetent of servants could have done all that was necessary. The meal was a disappointment in other respects as well, for, so far from being as festive as I had anticipated, I never shared a drearier repast. Horry was brooding over what I had said, and hardly vouchsafed a remark, and my hostess, albeit even gayer than usual, barely tasted the food her husband piled upon her plate.

When it was finished, seeing no reason why I should

sacrifice myself further, I urged a plea of work, though, indeed, it had been slack of late, and said good-bye to them.

"You are not quite yourself to-night, my dear," I said to Judy, as we went down the dark stairs together; for, as usual, she had insisted on showing me out. "What is the matter? Money difficulties? You must let an old man help you."

To my dismay an inarticulate murmur was her only answer, and taking her hand, which she had just dashed across her eyes, I found it was wet with tears.

"Why, Judy!"

"Don't scold me, Doctor," she cried petulantly. "I am not a fine lady, who keeps all her feelings under control. I am just myself, and I don't often cry."

"A fine lady! What do you mean?" I was bewildered.

She snatched away her hand, and backed against the wall, her eyes shining strangely in the light of the flickering hall-lamp.

"A Lady Alice."

"Judy! Judy! Did you hear? Do you know?" My question followed hastily on her hoarse whisper. "You poor little girl! You heard something of our talk, but you—you quite misunderstood, my dear."

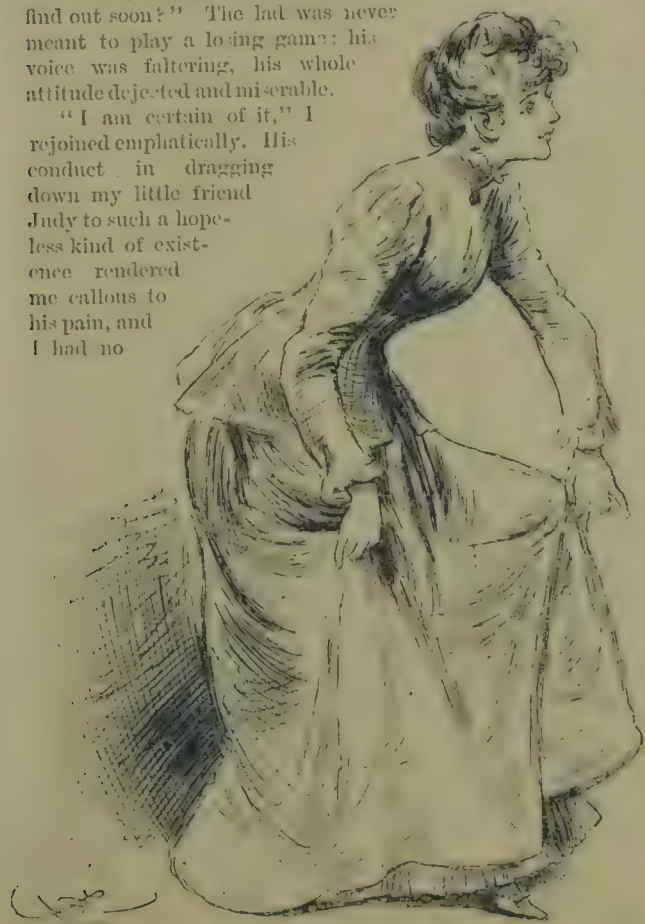
The stammering, lame attempt at comfort died away in the echo of the scornful little laugh with which she interrupted me. Then, opening the door, and standing aside to let me pass, "I don't know what you mean, Doctor," she said with unsteady mouth.

What could I do but respect her silence? I left her with a haunting fear, which grew momentarily stronger, that, some way, somehow, my talk with Horry had been entirely overheard by his wife, and that Judy knew.

In the course of the next twenty-four hours that fear had grown beyond a doubt in my own mind, although, with no absolute proof to back it, I could not so far interfere between them as to speak of it to Horry. The girl crept about looking like a ghost, with black circles under her eyes, which made them appear uncannily large for her thin white face, and with all the fun and laughter gone from her. She was doing stitching of some sort for Horry, and that seemed the one thing which interested her in these last two weeks of his convalescence, when he, for his part, was too preoccupied with his own thoughts to take much heed of the change in her.

"You are fulfilling Dr. Borton's prophecy, and falling ill yourself, my darling," he said once, with half-playful tenderness. "We will go for a drive this afternoon—we are not such paupers that that will quite break us."

But Judy refused—possibly she was afraid of whose money she might be spending—and feverishly insisted she was "quite, quite well." And so the days dragged by, while Horry anxiously awaited an answer to a letter he had sent his father, begging for fresh supplies, and asking if he might not



Judy pirouetted before me, and finally swept a most magnificent curtsey.



Judy nestled quietly into her husband as the young giant lay full length upon the couch. I went over to the big chair by the window and smoked away silently.

spend his August abroad with a friend, instead of returning for the projected shooting-party.

I felt so sure, from what I knew of both father and son, that the Twelfth would bring matters to a climax, that I did not go much to the Sloane Street lodgings for at least a week. As yet I could not be of any assistance, and it only made me wretched to see them. When at last I did go, it was the eve of Judy's birthday, and there was a pleasurable sense of excitement in the air, which the girl vowed to emanate from a certain white paper parcel which Horry had been detected smuggling into the house that very afternoon, and which was at that moment reposing among his clean shirts. I had nothing particular to do with my time, having, indeed, but just read in a society journal the notice of my arrival at the Righi Hotel, where I was already overdue, and where I should have been but for delaying my holiday until something was definitely settled as regards my young friends' future. So, finding them both in such excellent spirits, it did not need any great persuasion on their part to induce me to lay aside my hat and stick, preparatory to spending the entire evening with them.

"Only I stipulate that I am not to be cheated out of the pleasure of coming in to you again to-morrow," I told them. "I too have a paper packet lying with my shirts, and I want to be rid of it."

Judy pirouetted before me, and finally swept a most magnificent curtsy.

"I can't pretend I don't know what it is. It is a birthday present for me!"

She began laughing at nothing, as girls will, and Horry, who had whispered to me that he was sure the long-expected letter would arrive the next day, and that his darling would bring him luck, started teasing her about her lack of matronly dignity. She responded in like, while I, pleased to see her so bright, tried to arrange a day on the river and a theatre at night as a good way of marking the morrow. So we were all very contented and happy together, and when the evening closed in, and Judy nestled quietly into her husband as the young giant lay full length upon the couch, I went over to the big chair by the window, and smoked away silently. I wanted to let them drop me out of their talk if they so chose; but at the same time it was pleasant for a lonely old man to sit

watching them athwart the blue haze of the smoke, and to be dreaming, perhaps, of a long-past and now broken happiness.

Judy was talking in a sober, whimsical fashion of possibilities and of the unknown future, and her voice was growing rather indistinct as I nodded over my pipe, when I was startled by the question—

"What shall you do when I die, Dick?"

"Die too," he said fondly.

"No, no!" She leaned both hands on his chest, and raised her head until her eyes were on a level with his own.

"Really, I mean, dear? Dick, listen to me! If I die, my darling, I don't want you to go on mourning me. I want you to marry some nice woman, and be happy with her. Will you always remember?"

"Don't talk such nonsense," he said almost roughly, with a boy's hatred of sad thoughts. "You're all right, Judy? You haven't a pain anywhere, have you?"

"No, I am well," she answered, dropping her head again, and rubbing her rough curls softly against his arm. "But I like to think of chances sometimes. Let her be rich, Dick, and clever, and a more important person altogether than the poor little girl you picked up in the Gardens. But oh! my darling," as she turned and clung to him afresh, and bursting suddenly into tears, "no one will love you as

much as I have! No one! No one!"

Horry's distress was great. He soothed her as best he could, promising, with a tact for which I should not have given him credit, to do any and every thing she wished in a problematical future, if only she would "cheer up" and be his own little wife now.

"Is it hysterics, Doctor?"

He asked me helplessly, when she still continued shaking from head to foot; and then she grew suddenly calmer.

"I forgot you were here," she said, looking at me in rather a dazed fashion; but when I peremptorily ordered her off to bed, she pulled herself together more, and refused to shorten the evening.

"I was a goose to invent horrors and then be scared at them. See, Horry, I am perfectly well now."

And so she seemed, this creature of changeable moods; and when I left an hour or two later she was so thoroughly her usual self that I took myself soundly to task for fidgeting about her as I walked home. What on earth did the girl mean? What did she mean? We learnt next morning when Horry, having gone off before breakfast for his early bath, came back to find her dead upon the bed, with a dumb little appeal for forgiveness lying between her patient hands.

"Don't be angry with me, dear, and don't be sorry," it said; "but I know about your father, and how I spoil your life, and I could not bear it if ever you came to think so too. Don't be too sorry, Dick; laudanum never hurts, they say, and I have been very happy. But no one"—here her tears had blotted out part of the words, and then came the piteous reiteration of last night—"no one will love you more."

Horry's letter had arrived at last, and was lying in the next room, with a heavy cheque for immediate needs, and promises that such festivities should inaugurate his return that he would have no cause to regret coming home in the stead of the suggested trip abroad. Lady Alice had grown impatient of his absence. Lambton was already talking of the next election.

But here in the August sunlight lay Judy, with a white, upturned face and a strange, unfathomable smile upon her chill lips.

"Do you think she knows of the letter? Do you think she knows?" asked Horry.

He was like a mad thing, and hung over her for hours, kissing the clothes that had touched her, and muttering questions of he knew not what. But I left them unheeded. Poor little Judy! her sacrifice had sprung from love more enduring than would be his grief, but still. . . . I looked again at that mysterious smile. . . . "Don't be too sorry," she had said.



He was like a mad thing, and hung over her for hours.



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"A WOMAN OF NAZARETH."—BY HERBERT SCHMALZ.

From the Exhibition "The Holy Land—from Jerusalem to Damascus," at the Dowdeswell Galleries, New Bond Street.

ART NOTES.

The life and work of Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., which form the subject of the *Art Annual* for 1891 (Virtue and Co.), are admirably explained by Mr. Walter Armstrong, who has been able to give many pleasing recollections of the artist's Oxford life. Although not a few of our present Academicians glory in the possession of University degrees *honoris causa*, Mr. Briton Riviere is the only one who has obtained his B.A. by examination and his M.A. by grace. Of a French family, which came to this country at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—of which four generations have succeeded each other on the books of the Royal Academy—the subject of this attractive biography was the only one who was never a student within its walls. He gave early signs of his artistic faculty, and both at school and at college pursued his art studies; and his first commission was from Professor Goldwin Smith, who decided to spend upon a picture a present of fifty guineas, which the Prince of Wales, on leaving Oxford in 1860, had sent to him in recognition of his appreciation of the Professor's lectures he had attended. Briton Riviere was then scarcely twenty, but nine years previously he had exhibited at the British Institution two pictures in which kittens had played the principal rôle. Six years later he had three pictures at the Royal Academy, in each of which animals were the prominent subjects. From seventeen to twenty-three he walked in the paths of the Pre-Raphaelites; but in 1865 he finally broke with the brotherhood, and sent to the Academy the "Sleeping Deerhound," the first of that long series of successes by which he has reached the first place among contemporary animal-painters. His work was always well received, and its merits recognised by the more gifted picture-buyers; but it was not until 1871 that he produced his "Circe," which at once caught the favour of the public, and was the first of a series of pictures in which humanity is placed in contrast with animal passions. This theme he has worked out in various ways, culminating in "Daniel's Answer to the King," which was finished in 1890. The illustrations, including two excellent etchings of "Circe" and "The Last Spoonful," are not only illustrative of Mr. Riviere's career, but are valuable works of art, and combine to make the present volume the most attractive and the most valuable of the series of art annuals proceeding from the same source.

The fashion in "black and white" which, ten years ago, furnished materials for three or four exhibitions, is now greatly changed; and the St. James's Gallery (King Street, St. James's) is now the only regular home of this art. It must be admitted that the demand for this sort of work was greatly overrated; and since that time the excellence attained by "process" reproduction of the best works of art has considerably lessened the eagerness of purchasers of original drawings for merely decorative purposes. Another reason, perhaps, for the decline of "black and white" exhibitions is the sorry show made by some of our artists in repêche when side by side with younger artists. However that may be, the present exhibition shows a very large proportion of unknown names even among those whose work is most successful, Mr. Frank Dicksee and Mr. MacWhirter being the only two representatives of the Royal Academy, the former sending some of his clever highly finished sketches of his illustrations to "Othello," and the latter some interesting reminiscences of foreign travel.

The leading characteristic of the exhibition is the number of studies of animal life—horses, dogs, cats, and sheep preponderate—and in some cases the artists show that this range of subjects is admirably suited to "black and white" treatment—Miss Fannie Moody, Mr. P. H. Fisher, Mr. Edmund Caldwell, and Mr. Stanley Berkeley showing very great skill in their several ways. In pure landscape, of which the success depends upon the gradation of light, Mr. A. E. Bowman's "Riverside Walk," Mr. Hamilton Marr's "Loch Katrine," and Mr. H. R. Steer's "Close of Day" are among the more attractive exhibits. In a dramatic rather than in a narrative spirit, Signor Baccani has conceived the "Evening after St. Bartholomew," but with considerable disregard of the features of Paris in the days of Charles IX. Mr. V. J. Robertson's "Found at Last" is even more obscure in its actual meaning, but it allows plenty of scope for a fertile imagination, and would serve admirably to illustrate the climax

of a sensation story; while Mr. Beavis's sketch for his promised picture of the "Burial of Sir John Moore" has true pathos mingled with its action. Miss Logsdail's careful renderings of "The Bridge of Sighs" and of "Lincoln Chancery," Miss Rees Thomas's "Fir-Trees at Ham Common," and Miss Dell's Turnersque renderings of cloudland and moorland deserve especial notice.

The conundrum "Is architecture an art or a profession?"



BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.
From a photograph by Barraud.

is being again propounded to the public. But, so far, the public shows very little interest in the solution. What might, perhaps, bring the point home to a large number of people is an authoritative statement from either the artistic or the professional architect, that the sum for which he says a building may be erected bears some relation to the actual amount of the builder's bill. Recent discussions in the Press and trials in the Law Courts have shown how very wide is the difference between an architect's idea of the cost of a house and the builder's. If the intending dabbler in bricks and mortar allows himself to be guided by the artistic or even the professional advice of the former, he is likely to find himself at loggerheads with the latter. If, on the other hand, he refuses to pay only the sum his architect deemed adequate, he is promptly haled before one of her Majesty's judges, who has no hesitation in deciding against the legal value of both artistic and professional estimates of expenditure.

The current number of the *Art Amateur* (Griffith, Farran,

and Co.) deals in a practical way with a variety of art-studies of which the pursuit at home can be carried on with little difficulty. The paper, although simultaneously published in this country, is produced in New York, and bears witness both to the state of printing in colours and to the process of art-reproduction in the United States. The sketches in crayon, reproduced from the originals by Duez, Henner, and Ludwig Knaus, are for the most part well executed, and preserve much freshness and freedom of touch. The letterpress contains some useful hints on pen-drawing for purposes of illustration, and information on the new fashionable art of pyrography, or, as it is more commonly known, "poker-work." A portrait study is given as a model in this art, and progressive stages of the work will be given in a subsequent number of the *Art Amateur*, by the means of which students may correct their own attempts.

Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt is anxious that it should be understood that the wings which encircle the head of "Atra Cava," her allegorical picture at the Royal Institute, are those of the night hawk, "which destroys all birds of song." The habits and flight of the nightjar do not offer many opportunities of studying its plumage on the wing; but at the Natural History Museum the bird may be seen in various attitudes and Mrs. Lea Merritt's accuracy in the rendering of its feathers tested. We must, however, put in a word in defence of a really harmless bird, whose simple taste for moths and beetles is shown by its local name, "dor-hawk," known to Wordsworth—

The burring dor-hawk round and round is wheeling;
That solitary bird
Is all that can be heard
In silence deeper far than deepest noon.

It is also known as the moth or guat-hawk, and in France as the "attrappe mouques" in the *patois* of Picardy. In Yorkshire, it is true, the bird is known as the "gabble-ratchet"—i.e., corpse-hound. This name may have some connection with the local belief that these birds embody the souls of unbaptised infants, doomed to wander for ever in the air; but, at least, such hapless ones can scarcely have learnt the meaning of "Atra Cava."

The list of pure mezzotintists is so limited that we gladly welcome Mr. B. Smythe as an artist in this line of more than average merit. His work is already favourably known both in the United States and in Germany, but his first effort in this country is the reproduction of Greuze's "Childhood"—from the picture in the Buckingham Palace collection—where, if not the most important, it is quite the most carefully finished of the three specimens by this master in the possession of her Majesty. The mezzotint now issued by Messrs. Millard, Davis, and Co. (37, Charing Cross) has the merit of rare softness of touch as well as brightness, and will undoubtedly take a high place among modern mezzotints.

The approach of Christmas is heralded in literature and art by an abundant outpouring of works which, at any rate, bear testimony to the inventiveness of publishers, to the unlimited variety of public taste, and to the progress of colour-printing in Germany as well as in this country. A typical example of this kind is a volume entitled "Shakspeare's Heroes and Heroines" (Raphael Tuck and Sons), in which are reproduced in colours the original steel-plate designs of many deceased artists, supplemented by the work of more modern labourers in the same field. Among the former, Sir Augustus Calcott, C. R. Leslie, MacIise, and Solomon Hart were conspicuous names,

and, however much our modern "culture" may make us sniff at their interpretations of the Shakspearean characters, we must recollect that they reflected pretty accurately the views of both the critics and actors of that time. For this reason these works of the older generation have in all ways, historical as well as artistic, more interest than those of the younger artists whose names are included among the contributors to this volume. The former no doubt display a praiseworthy ignorance of the absolutely correct costumes in which Ophelia, Othello, Florizel, and the like moved and had their being; but they were at the same time vaguely conscious, however circumscribed their powers of self-interpretation, that underlying each character was some dominant passion which they ought to convey to the spectator as clearly as the text did to the reader.



"TREASURE TROVE."—BY BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.
From the picture in the possession of H. Hargreaves Bolton, Esq.

ACROSS MONGOLIA: THE GREAT GOBI DESERT.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

The first day after leaving Ourga was uneventful enough, the track offering little or nothing of interest, though the actual flat sandy expanse of desert had not yet commenced. The surrounding hills were bare and desolate-looking, and the dreary aspect was a fitting prelude to the unutterable solitude and desolation farther on. A few miles out from the capital we crossed the broad, swiftly running Tola River. Our camels were quite girth-deep in its waters, for there had been rain up in the mountains recently; still, the animals did not seem much to mind crossing it, breasting the current as unconcernedly as though they liked it. This was the last water of any importance we saw until we reached Kalgan, nearly three weeks after. As we slowly advanced we gradually left the hills behind, till at last, three days out, we reached the actual commencement of the great desert; and I saw stretched out before me a vast, limitless waste, so flat and unbroken that it looked exactly like the sea. A quiet, as though of death, reigned over it, for not even the slightest sign of life broke the oppressive stillness of the scene. Neither the Karoo or the Kalahari deserts in South Africa ever produced on me an impression so weird and indescribable as did that first glimpse of the awful Gobi, "The Great Hungry Desert." The mere look of the dreary waste recalled all I had ever read of the horrors of a lingering death, by thirst or starvation, which has so often befallen travellers who have been unfortunate enough to lose themselves on its almost trackless surface. Nothing, in fact, was wanting to complete the gloomy picture. Even the faintly marked trail before us was rendered more easily discernible by the bleached bones of camels lying here and there on either side.

Our fourth day was marked by an event, for the slightest incident in that weary uneventful journey magnified itself into an important occurrence. During the afternoon we met the caravan of the homeward-bound Russian mail, and, considering we had not seen a living soul, except each other, for more than forty-eight hours, it may be imagined how pleasurable was the meeting. The two convoys halted for a time; our Cossacks exchanged news with the other Cossacks, and even the Mongols hobnobbed together; the inevitable "vodka" was produced, and, under its genial influence, for a few moments the weariness of the journey was forgotten; then, with many final shakes of the hand and friendly wishes, we were under way, and in a short time were once more alone on the boundless waste. It was on this occasion that I first heard of the attempted assassination of the Czarewitch. The next day we reached a range of rocky hills—great heaps of huge boulders lay piled around in picturesque confusion, and, altogether, the scene was a welcome change after the flatness of the plains. Right in the very midst of these hills, nestling as it were under their shelter, to my surprise we came upon a miniature town, which I had never even heard of before. This, I learned, was Tcho-lyr, a Lama settlement, entirely inhabited by Mongols who are devoting their lives to religion.

It was a lovely day, the finest one we had had as yet, and in the still air and the eternal silence of the surroundings the effect was very impressive, for it was indeed "asleep in the sunshine of the East," and "far from the busy haunts of men." I therefore persuaded Nicolaieff to halt the caravan for a short time, so that I could have a stroll around the quaint little place, with my sketch-book and camera; and very pleased was I afterwards that I had done so, for it was one of the prettiest spots I saw in Mongolia. On a nearer inspection it turned out to be larger than I had first taken it to be, and absolutely different from what I expected to find, for the quiet pervading the streets was quite in keeping with the proximity to the vast desert—there was, in fact, quite the atmosphere of religious seclusion which one feels in a monastery. But what struck me most was the wonderful cleanliness I saw everywhere, and I don't think that, for its size, I ever saw its equal. Everything looked spick and span, as though it were cleaned carefully every day. There was also a striking absence of dogs, those pests of Mongolia. One could stroll about without being continually on the *qui vive*, as in Ourga. Instead of a conglomeration of dirty "yours," there were trim, neatly built, whitewashed cottages, of absolutely the same outward appearance as English ones, not so large perhaps, but still strangely reminding one of far-away England. Curiously enough, I did not see anything at all similar to them anywhere else, either in Mongolia or in China; nor could I find out why this style of building was exclusively confined to the pretty little desert settlement.

My appearance naturally created quite an excitement, for I was probably the first Englishman that has ever visited the place, which is, I believe, out of the usual caravan route; and the appearance of a stranger in their midst will doubtless form the subject of conversation for a long time to come. Still, I was in no way annoyed—a little crowded in, perhaps, but that I was beginning to get accustomed to, and the half-hour I spent there was so pleasant that I really regretted having to hurry away. Either there were no women in the place, or at least very few, for I never saw them; the inhabitants appeared to be entirely of the sterner sex, and all of them, from the very youngest, Lamas or Lama students. The effect of the entire population being dressed in red and yellow was very curious. Many of the older men wore massive gold-rimmed spectacles, which gave them a very learned appearance. A couple of large temples of Tibetan architecture, in excellent preservation, seemed the most important buildings in the town, and, besides these, I learned, there was also a monastery. When I got back to the caravan, I found it quite surrounded by visitors, for the news of our arrival had by this time spread all over the place, and evidently a general half-holiday had been taken in consequence.

Nothing of particular interest occurred during the next few days after leaving Tcho-lyr. To the low range of rocky hills surrounding it succeeded a monotonous expanse of endless gravel-covered plain, which was positively depressing to one's spirits. Day after day would find us surrounded by the same unbroken horizon, while, with the regularity of clockwork, at eleven o'clock every morning the piercing cold north-easterly wind would commence blowing, and continue until late in the afternoon, very often with the force of a strong gale. Owing, I believe, to its being some four thousand feet above the sea-level, the temperature of the great plateau of Mongolia is never high, even in summer; but in winter the cold is excessive, almost as great as in any part of Siberia, and the desert is covered with several feet of snow.

(To be continued.)

MR. STEAD ON GHOSTS.

When I called upon Mr. Stead the other day (writes a correspondent) I found him simply absorbed in the subject of apparitions. As if the affairs of this world were not sufficient to take up his time and energy, he has spent the last month in collecting, investigating, and describing what he considers to be "Real Ghost Stories," or, rather, "Authentic Narratives of Real Ghosts." For Mr. Stead, as his manner is, insists on taking his ghosts seriously.

It is dangerous to suggest to him as to whether they are or are not purely hallucinations. He is quite certain that the apparitions appear, and he defies me to read his forthcoming Christmas number and remain unconverted. I have not seen his Christmas number, which was passing through the press at the moment when I interviewed him, but I saw the cover, which gives, perhaps, a fair enough keynote of Mr. Stead's point of view. It represents an old Elizabethan house, down the staircase of which a fair lady is descending by the light of the moon. At the foot of the staircase, with his head under the familiar cloth, the demon photographer is lying in wait to photograph the ghost, for Mr. Stead had made up his mind that a ghost must be photographed, which is one of the privileges from which they have been too long enfranchised. He has not yet, I regret to say, succeeded in getting his ghost on the go, neither has he succeeded in obtaining a sitting from any of the spectral visitants of whose reality he is so convinced. That has to come, he says. He is but a beginner, and, besides, ghosts have not yet been accustomed to face the camera.

The illustrations of his Christmas number include no photographs of spirits, but there is a reproduction of a crayon drawing of a spectre face, which is weird and spiritual enough to satisfy anyone.

"If I had had but a little more time," said Mr. Stead, "I am quite sure that I should have settled conclusively the question as to whether or not ghosts will photograph. One of my friends, who has sent me photographs of some attendant



MR. W. T. STEAD.
EDITOR OF THE "REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

spirits, declares that you can photograph a ghost by its own light, and that the camera, if left exposed in a perfectly dark room which is haunted by these visitants from the other world, will be found to show the image of the ghosts on the sensitive plate. I have declined, however, to publish the photographs, as they were not taken absolutely under my own supervision and under test conditions. I think, however, that when you have photographed your ghost, and applied the spectrum to the spectre, and bottled up the sound of his voice in a phonograph, even the most sceptical of men will admit that there is something in ghosts, after all."

"But what kind of ghost is it you mean, Mr. Stead?"

"Oh, the ghosts of the living," said Mr. Stead, enthusiastically. "I am immensely impressed with the latent possibilities that lie in the discovery that it is possible for some of us to project our 'thought-bodies' at will to the uttermost parts of the world."

"What! Do you mean to turn Theosophist?"

"Stuff and nonsense! It has nothing to do with Theosophy. But that is a fact, and, I suppose, can be recognised as such without committing you to any theosophy, or philosophy, or superstition of any kind."

"But what do you mean by a fact?"

"A fact is an actual occurrence—i.e., a thing that actually happens."

"But do you mean to say that the projection of your astral body actually happens?"

"Do not call it 'astral body,'" said Mr. Stead; "that is a stupid term. What does astral mean? Who can say? All that we know is that certain persons indubitably possess the faculty of calling an image of themselves to appear to friends at a distance, in shape and appearance in no way differing from their original, and these bodies, as you may call them, can sometimes be touched with sense of reality as if they were solid flesh, and sometimes they can also speak."

"Do you believe that, Mr. Stead?"

"Absolutely, and I do not believe that anyone will doubt it twelve months hence."

"Do we all possess such strange powers?"

"By no means, but some do, and some of those who do have the faculty at will—i.e., they have repeatedly appeared or spoken to their friends when their natural body was lying in a trance, or sound asleep, many miles away—space makes no difference to them. Hence, in many of the best recorded apparitions at the moment of death the dying person was in India, or Africa, or Australia, at the time when his thought-body appeared and spoke in London."

"You take my breath away, Mr. Stead; but are you putting all these things into your Christmas number?"

"I should think," said Mr. Stead, reflectively, "one half of my Christmas number is devoted to the ghosts of the living. Of course I was overset by as much as thirty pages, and had to keep out all my lovely stories of haunted houses."

"What! Do you know of any haunted houses, Mr. Stead?"

"Don't I! A friend of mine lives in one of the famous old castles, which has been haunted hundreds of years, and is haunted to-day. The fact is that this month of November is the great month for the spectral rehearsal of the murder-scene which originally led to the haunting of this place. It is a fine castle, but the November ghosts render it practically uninhabitable one month every year. One curious thing, the owner of it told me, who had herself seen the ghost, and felt its hands upon her shoulders. Every night in the year at half past eleven, when the ghost makes its round, all the dogs in a certain wing of the castle howl in chorus. And this is so reliable that all the clocks and watches of the castle are set to the hour of the time when the dogs howl. It is a kind of spectral-time gong."

"And have you ever seen a ghost yourself, Mr. Stead?"

"Alas! no," said Mr. Stead, mournfully; "and yet I was born and brought up in a county that is full of ghosts. I lived twenty years within a mile of the famous Haunted Mill of Willington, which was occupied by my father's oldest deacon. Churton Hall, which was haunted by the murdered mistress of a former Duke of Argyll, stood about a mile on the other side of me, and Mr. Skipsey, a Northampton poet, is ready to vouch to the fact that even underground, the mine at Percy Main, was haunted by a ghost. Dilston Castle, where Lady Derwentwater walks in penance for having driven her husband into the river, where he lost his life, lies farther up the Tyne. Trevelyan Place, at Wallingford, is haunted by at least a couple of ghosts, and yet, with all these advantages, I never yet clapped eyes upon an authentic spectre. I should be awfully glad if the veil were removed from my eyes and I could see. I do not understand why people should be so frightened of ghosts, especially the ghosts of dead people. They never do you half as much harm as men and women do when they are alive; but you will see all about that in 'Real Ghost Stories' when the number comes out. But good-bye! I must hurry these proofs through the press."

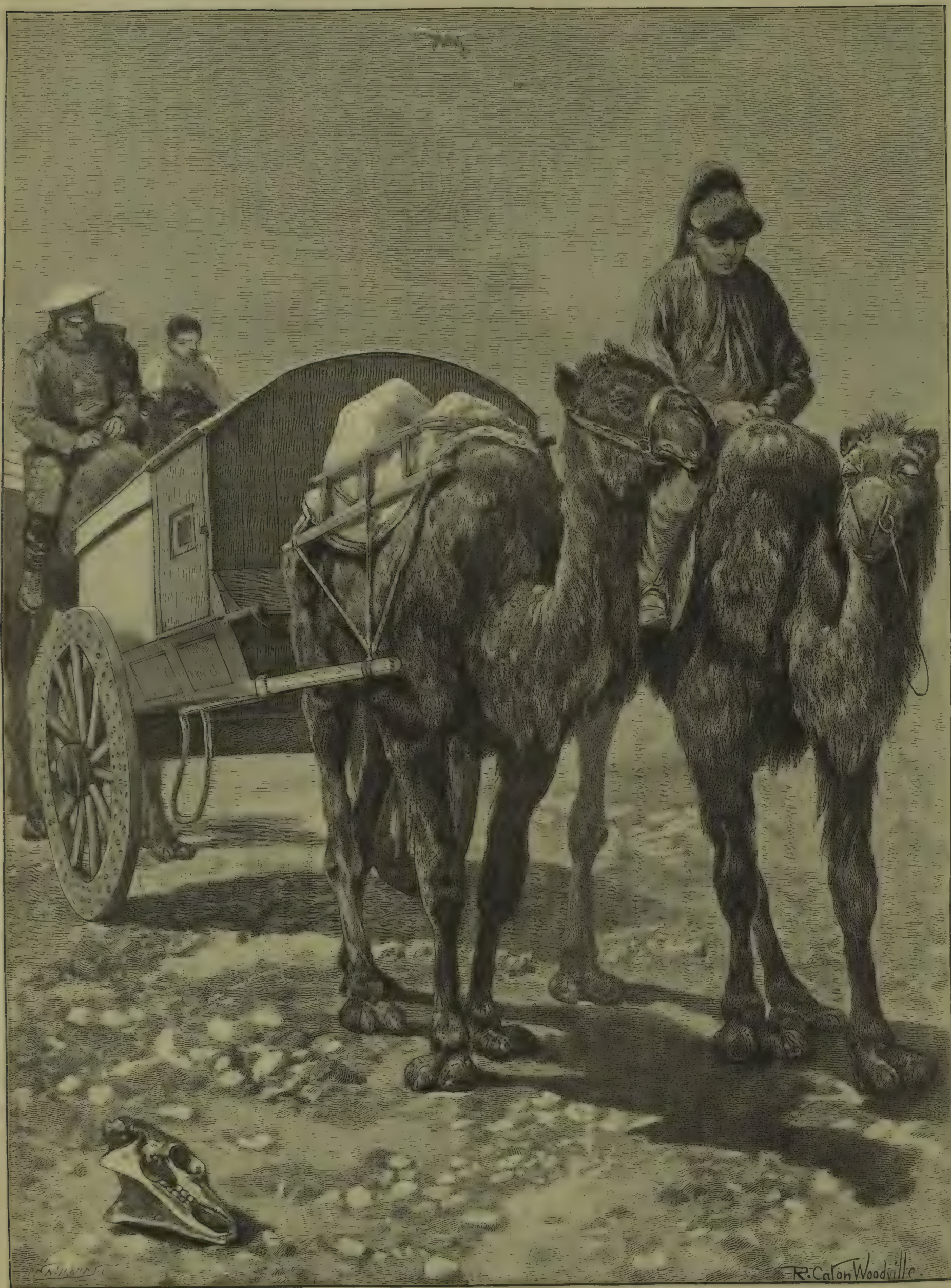
Saying this, Mr. Stead resumed his accustomed task of cutting down the copy to fill the limited number of pages.

THE STRONG WOMAN.

The strong man is eclipsed. He must hide his diminished head. It is no use for him to lift horses and to exhibit mountains of muscle on the posters. A little slip of a girl, without the exertion of any muscular force whatever, can defy half-a-dozen men to lift her or to wrest a billiard-cue out of her hands. Miss Annie Abbott, a native of Georgia, who appeared at the Alhambra the other afternoon, claims to possess some extraordinary force which scientific men have not yet determined. The genial showman who gives some preliminary account of her says that about the age of seven she discovered that this force was in her, and it seems to have made her rather a domestic trial. Figure the condition of a parent who, annoyed by an obstreperous infant, found that he could not even lift her from the floor! It is a curious fact that when this force, whatever it is, is insulated, Miss Abbott can be moved about like any ordinary young woman; but all attempts to raise her by placing the hands under her bare elbows, without any handkerchief intervening, ignominiously failed. There was no reason to suspect any trickery, for when a number of gentlemen were piled picturesquely on two chairs, Miss Abbott upset the lot by simply placing her fingers on the hands of two persons who were touching the woodwork. They averred that there was no muscular pressure whatever. The strongest man among the committee could not hold a chair steadily when she opposed her strength to his. A billiard-cue resting on her open hands, not grasped in them, could not be moved by the united efforts of four men. It was, of course, open to the sceptic to say that the cue and the chair were "prepared," but any such preparation could not lessen the mystery, for a chair endowed with such a power would be a good deal more wonderful than a man who lifted an elephant. As for the good faith of the committee, this, no doubt, can be tested on any occasion by any speculative spectator who cares to take a hand. The medical men who took part in the investigation of Miss Abbott's first performance appeared to be satisfied that her system was charged with some element which she was able to transmit. A boy who held her hands could not be raised from the floor, and one of the committee, after two or three experiments, remained equally immovable. Perhaps the most curious proof of some abnormal agency was the vibration of a tumbler which Miss Abbott held in her hand. When she touched herself in several places with the glass, the vibration was distinctly audible through the theatre. Whatever may be the scientific explanation of this strange endowment, the masculine spectator cannot help expressing his thankfulness that all ladies are not similarly gifted.

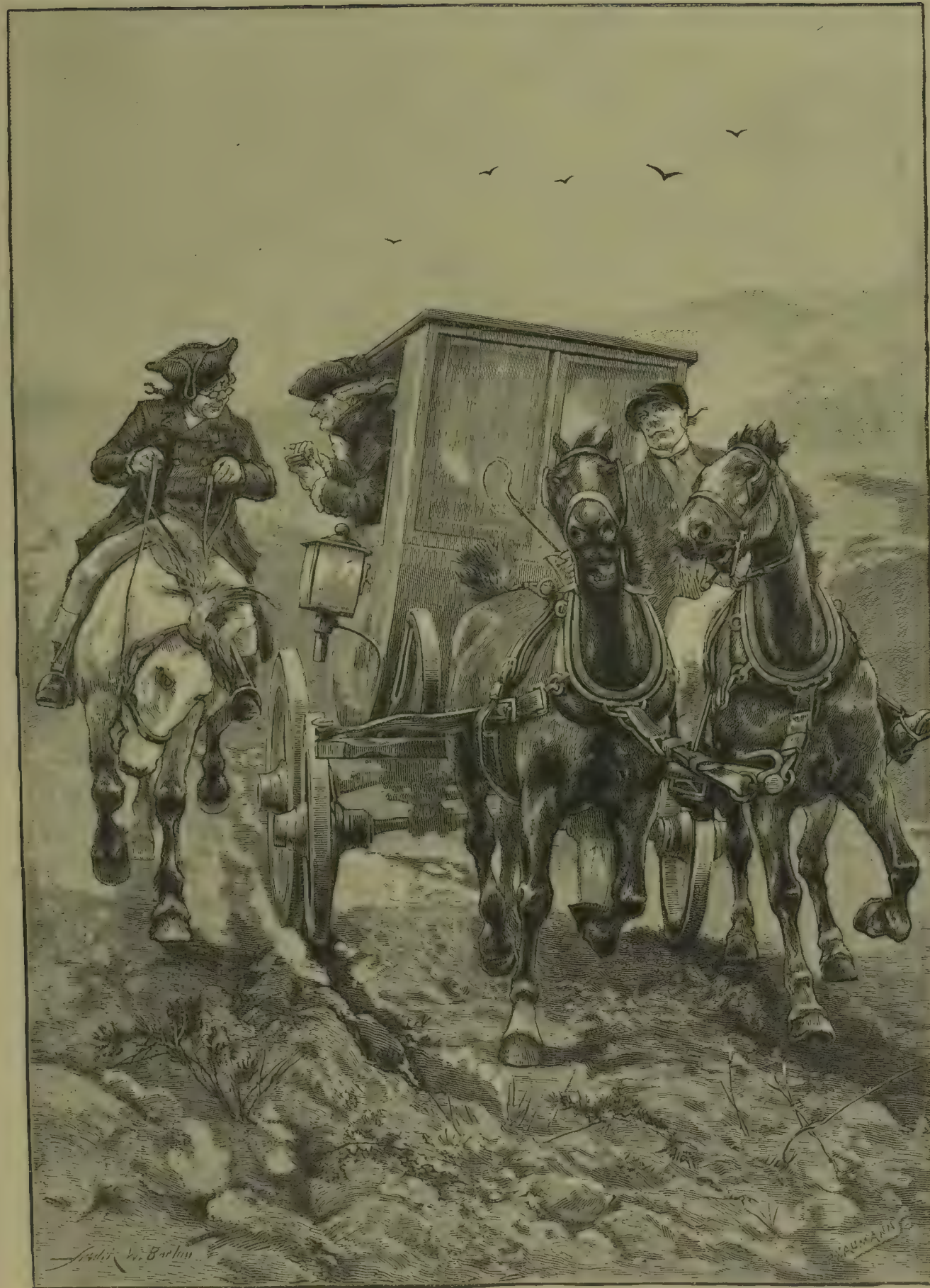
THE LATE ORIENTAL CONGRESS.

The International Congress of Orientalists held in London during twelve days, from Aug. 31 to Sept. 12, inclusive, has obtained a complete and permanent record in the current number of the *Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review*, of which 123 closely printed pages are devoted to its proceedings, besides the valuable special articles consisting of papers read before that congress on topics of much interest, worthy of attentive perusal. An excellent portrait of the acting president of the congress, the Rev. Charles Taylor, D.D., Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, and portraits also of the Duke of Connaught and the Archduke Rainer of Austria, who were patrons, accompany this publication. This congress, numbering 600 members, representing thirty-seven different countries, was certainly the most important that has yet taken place; and never was an equal amount and variety of work performed, including the reception of 160 papers, with discussions shared by over fifty speakers, and with the delivery of "summaries of research," in eleven departments of inquiry, giving account of what had been done within a certain period of years to the present date. The abstracts of papers and reports of discussions that appear in the *Asiatic Quarterly* are carefully edited, and are sufficiently full to be agreeable and instructive reading; but its more important contents are the essays now printed entire upon such subjects as the following: "Routes through the Hindu Kush and to Central Asia," by Dr. Leitner; and "The Ethnography of Afghanistan," by Dr. H. W. Bellow; also "Colonel Gramscbelsky's Pamir Explorations and the Indian Government," which are matters of some urgency; and those treating of literary, antiquarian, philological, or geographical themes, contributed by the Rev. Dr. Edkins, Mr. Flinders Petrie, Professor Sir Monier Williams, Dr. C. Taylor, Professor Stanley Leathes, the Abbé Abouy, Dr. H. Schlichter, and other scholars of Oriental lore.

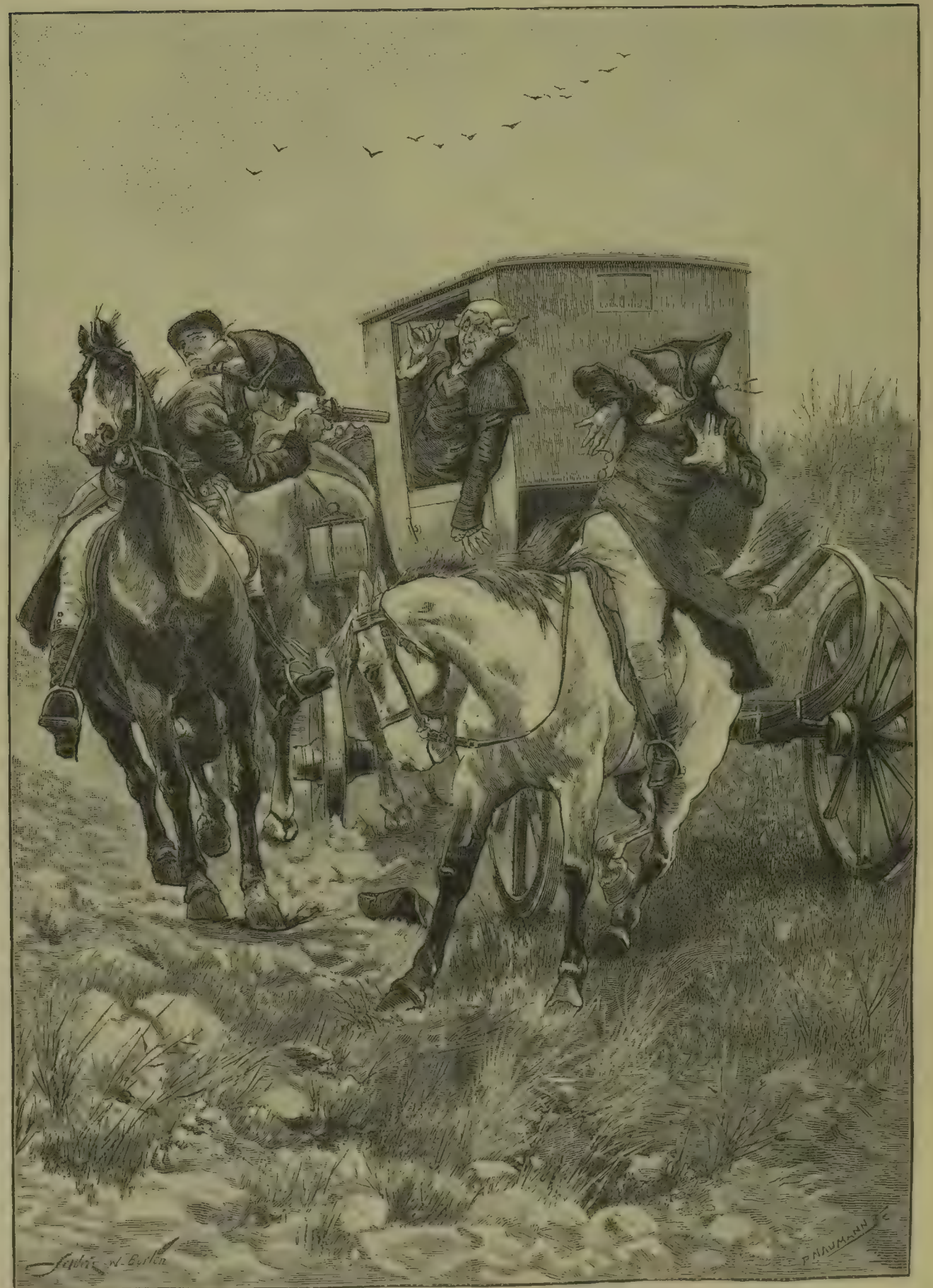


ACROSS MONGOLIA.—WITH THE RUSSIAN HEAVY MAIL ACROSS THE Gobi: OUR CARAVAN IN MID-DESERT.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.



"TWO'S COMPANY"—



THREE'S NONE."—BY F. W. BURTON.

GOLDEN SOUTH AFRICA.

One result of the South African "boom" has been the multiplication of books, maps, and pamphlets on what is fondly termed the "Land of Ophir." Most of these are worthless enough, but Mr. R. W. Murray has put together a useful collection of materials for the history of the many vicissitudes of South Africa, from the founding of the well-known town on Delagoa Bay by Senhor Lourenço Marques in 1545, down to the "conquest" of British Zambesia in 1891.*

Mr. Murray is an enthusiast for British dominion—indeed, he is interested in railway extensions, which flourish best under the British flag—but he knows how to be fair to the merits of the earlier colonising nations. He has induced Professor A. H. Keane to contribute a good account of the old Portuguese enterprises in East and South Africa, which is illustrated by valuable maps and supported by interesting quotations from the old voyagers. How the "gentlemen navigators" of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries passed into the filibustering slave-traders of the seventeenth and eighteenth, and sank into the sensual, corrupt, and inefficient administrators who to-day lounge idly about the decaying remnants of what was once a mighty empire, all this Professor Keane shows us pleasantly enough.

An interesting chapter is made up of translated quotations from Dapper's "Africa," an able account by a Dutch traveller of what now forms the Baroki Empire, Matabeleland and Mashonaland. This description, published at Amsterdam in 1685, is quoted by Mr. Murray as part of the case against the Portuguese claim to the interior of South Africa, in and for which they have accomplished literally nothing.

But it is in the subsequent chapters, written by the editor himself, that Mr. Murray is most attractive. Here we have a glowing description of modern South Africa, with an enthusiastic version of how we came into possession of Bechuanaland and the protectorate beyond. This is perhaps of greater present interest, though of less historical value, than the remainder of Mr. Murray's volume. Every family which has a member in South Africa—and how many such families there now are!—will find, too, in Mr. J. W. Fry's telling narrative of "The March of the British in Mashonaland" just the plain and simple statement which they require, while Mr. Davis's account of Beira and the Pungwe will prove a boon to bewildered newspaper readers. In short, although it is easy to see that Mr. Murray is publishing in the interests of Mr. Rhodes and the great chartered company, he has presented the public with a volume which will be very useful for its own sake.

* South Africa from Arab Dominion to British Rule. Edited by R. W. Murray, F.R.G.S., of Capetown. (London: Stanford.)

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS:

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

THOMAS S. (Bury).—There is no rule against a check in the first move of a solution, but composers nowadays rarely adopt that device.

F. L. K. (Your welcome contribution has been safely received. We will endeavour to find time to write to you on the subject you mention.

M. BRINK. We have not seen the book referred to, and do not know by whom it was published.

J. BENJAMIN (Bombay).—The game shall have early attention.

J. D. M. (Balliol College, Oxford).—Your last game has not sufficient interest in view of the weakness of the defence. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

D. E. J. (Carmarthen).—We can only refer you to some handbook on the game. We are constantly declining to do what you ask.

C. J. RATTER (Claxton-on-Sea).—Your notice came to hand too late for insertion, but we are much obliged all the same.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2476 received from E. C. Holden (Astoria) and J. A. Colby (Springfield, Mass.); of No. 2477 from J. A. Colby, F. B. Farwell (Holley, N.Y.), and E. C. Holden; of No. 2478 from F. A. Hill (St. Paul, Minn.), E. C. Holden, J. A. Colby, and F. B. Farwell; of No. 2479 from Adolf Michaelis (New York), E. G. Boys, J. A. Colby, F. A. Hill, James Clark (Chester), and F. B. Farwell; of No. 2480 from F. B. Farwell, E. G. Boys, and Adolf Michaelis; of No. 2481 from E. G. Boys, E. Hacking (Liverpool), J. Halliday (Cave), A. S. (The Hague), Rev. Robert Higgs, A. C. Hurley (Cardiff), L. Keekes, J. Ehrlich (Budapest), and H. A. Holland (Sevenoaks); of No. 2482 from Charles Burnett, E. G. Boys, and Rev. Winfield Cooper.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2483 received from Columbus, II B. Harford, T. G. Ware, E. Louden, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Dr. F. St. Martin, F. H. S. Brandreth, W. R. B. (Plymouth), J. Dixon, Charles Burnett, Alpha, D. McCoy (Galway), Sorrento (Bewlish), Dr. Waltz (Haidelberg), R. H. Brooks, R. K. L. (Hastings Teignton), Dane John, R. Womersley (Canterbury), P. Roberts, J. Coad, W. H. Greenbrook (Sunderland), G. Joyce, J. F. Moon, B. D. Knox, W. R. Ballin Shadforth, Fr. Fernando (Dublin), A. Newman, Captain J. A. Challice, L. Desanges (Florence), W. Wright, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), and S. H. James (Bradford).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2481.—By A. E. STUDD.

WHITE.

1. Q to R 2nd

2. Mates accordingly.

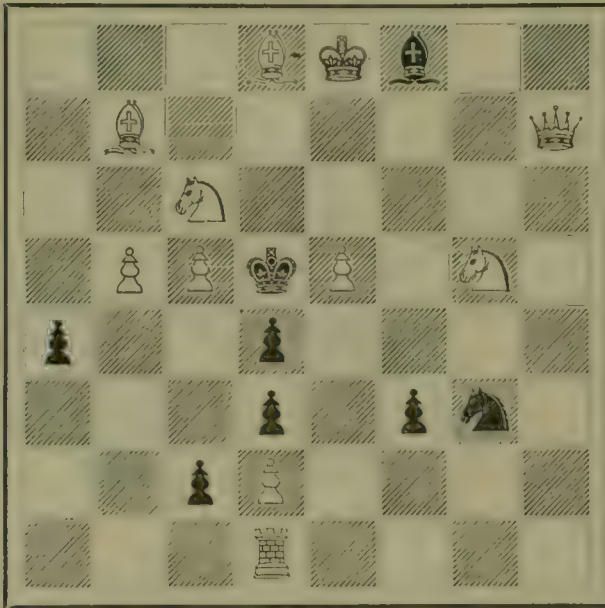
BLACK.

Any move

PROBLEM No. 2485.

By REGINALD KELLY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Divan Tournament between Messrs. R. F. FENTON and S. TINSLEY.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. F.) BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 3rd
2. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
4. B to K Kt 5th B to K 2nd
5. B takes Kt B takes B
6. P to K 5th B to K 2nd
7. Q to Q 2nd

This, followed by White's next move, constitutes a novelty in the opening, which does not appear to commend itself to cooler examination. The Q Kt is put quite out of play, and only hinders White's own development.

8. Kt to Q sq P to Q B 4th
9. Q takes P Kt takes P
10. B to Q Kt 5th Castles
11. B takes Kt P takes B
12. Kt to K 2nd B to R 3rd
13. Q to Q 2nd Q to B 2nd
14. P to K B 4th P to K B 3rd
15. P takes P B takes P
16. Castles Q R to K sq
17. R to K B 2nd

Unnecessarily losing a valuable Pawn. Black has taken full advantage of White's weak 5th move, and has now much the better game.

18. R takes B B takes Q Kt P
19. R to Kt sq B to R 6th
20. P to K Kt 3rd B to B 4th (ch)
21. K to K 2nd P to K 4th

These Pawns are admirably handled, and ultimately turn the scale in Black's favor.

The match between Kent and Surrey took place at the Baytree Tavern, St. Swinburn's Lane, on Saturday, Nov. 14. There were twenty representative players a side, and after a number of well-contested games had been played victory rested with Surrey by 12½ games to 7½.

Public Opinion and a more recent journal, the ably edited Newspaper Review, have a rival in the Week's News, the first two numbers of which are before us. All these papers are largely made up of selections from the dailies and the weeklies—in the case of the Newspaper Review with a lively running commentary on its contemporaries. But the Week's News, which is edited by Mr. Arthur Pearson, of Pearson's Weekly, is cheaper than its rivals, being only a penny. One of its most interesting features is its large selection from the personal paragraphs which play, for good or ill, so important a part in modern journalism.

The new Victorian Magazine, to be issued by Messrs. Hutchinson, promises an addition to the already overwhelming De Quincey literature in the shape of a hitherto unpublished essay on the French Revolution.

Hastings aspires to possess a museum, which it will house in one of the rooms of the Brassey Institute. At a recent meeting in furtherance of the project, a letter was read from Professor Freeman, who, having striven so hard to drive the phrase "Battle of Hastings" out of use, might well be looked upon with misgivings by the citizens of the ancient town. "Your museum," the historian writes, "cannot but help to make the great events of South Saxon history better known. I hope that before long there will be nobody in those parts who believes, as an Edinburgh Reviewer did a few years back, that William landed at Hastings, and that Taillefer began the battle then and there on the shore. I see you meet on Saint Calixtus [the 815th anniversary of the battle]. It would not be an ill thing to mark the site of the standard—the real one, not the one they used to show—with some simple sign."

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Those glands situated in the back part of the mouth, and familiarly known as the tonsils, have always appeared, in physiological eyes, as somewhat of a puzzle—that is to say, their functions or uses have not been accurately determined. They are ductless glands, and, unlike the liver, salivary glands, sweetbread, or tear-glands, do not possess any tubes or ducts leading from them, and conveying away any secretion they may manufacture. We can understand, on this footing, how the spleen itself was an anomaly in the eyes of the ancients, seeing that, like the tonsils, it had no outlet, and that, unlike the liver or the other glands above named, it did not seem to elaborate any fluid or product of use in the body. We have arrived at a fair solution of the mystery of the spleen, which is a blood-gland, and which seems to be occupied in the work (among other duties possibly) of making blood-corpuscles; but until very recently the tonsils puzzled us completely. The opinion was hazarded that they might be glands of service in early life, like the thyroid gland in the neck, or the thymus gland, which is big in infancy, but decreases in size and in importance as we pass away from the first epoch of our existence. This is by no means an unphilosophical view to take of organs which do not appear to subserve any active duty in adult existence. Early life has its own special demands and duties, and organs which discharge these duties would naturally decline and appear before us as useless parts, when the adult stage was attained. Again, we must bear in mind that man retains in his anatomy not a few remnants and vestiges of organs which, no longer serviceable or required by humanity, yet played, and still play, in lower life many important parts. The pineal gland of our brain is such a structure. Descartes allocated the soul to this gland. Now we know it is simply a vestige of a median eye, which once upon a time, in our far back ancestry, existed on the top of the head, and which, for that matter of it, still exists as an eye in some fishes and in certain lizards.

But the functions of the tonsils have of very late days received a new interpretation from the researches of Dr. Lovell Gulland, whose paper on this subject appears in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal* for November. It seems that the tonsils are really glands which are devoted to the manufacture of the white blood-cells to which I made reference in last week's "Jottings." Nor is this all. Dr. Gulland tells us that while many of these important white cells pass off into the blood circulation, thence to wander on their beat, like sanitary policemen, through the tissues, many others take up their position on the outside of the tonsils themselves. This latter move on the part of these white cells is a very interesting one; for, as they live on the tonsil-surfaces, they act as a set of custom-house officers in preventing injurious or contraband matter (chiefly germs, of course) from passing onwards to the throat, stomach, and lungs. This is both an extraordinary and an extremely interesting discovery, for it makes plain to us how and why many of the germs we inhale are prevented from doing injury to us. They may pass into the mouth, but the cordon of white blood-cells on the tonsils acts as a fairly efficient barrier, which the bulk of the germs we inhale may not pass, and we are thus secured from the germ-invasion of both the digestive system and the breathing system. The tonsils are subject to ailments, among which the familiar quinsy is the best known. When the tonsils from this or any other cause become inefficient in the discharge of their duties, and when their white cells are not produced in sufficient numbers or in the proper degree of vitality, it seems the glands in their turn become attacked by the germs they otherwise kill. Quinsy, in this view of things, is an ailment which arises through the battle betwixt germs and tonsils being decided in favour of the microbes. I repeat that these researches are of singular interest, for they not only reveal to us the hitherto unknown functions of the tonsils, but show us how in yet another fashion the human territory is protected from germ-attack.

I have not as yet received any information respecting the retriever at Putney which acts as a postman. May I again ask any of my readers residing in that neighbourhood to send me further details regarding the ways of that interesting animal? Meanwhile, I have been favoured with two good stories of animals, which I give in support of the contention that at least the beginnings of reason surely exist in lower life. The first story parallels that of the wild duck recently detailed in these pages. It comes from my friend Mr. Barrie of Bothwell. Rothesay Castle is situated about half a mile from a certain wood, and the old castle-moat has been converted into a duck-pond. In this wood one of the ducks had made her nest, and in due course some four or five ducklings claimed her maternal attentions. The problem of getting the ducklings to the pond naturally arose in the history of the mother-bird. The wood is situated above the shore, so that the mother-duck's easiest course was that of carrying her young to the sea. This she did by conveying them on her back. Once in the sea, the family swam to the point nearest the castle-moat. Here the question of land-carriage beset the mother-bird: so on her back the ducklings once again mounted, and, "followed by a large crowd," says Mr. Barrie, "she carried them to the castle," where they joined the other families in the pond. There was illustrated here a literal train of reasoning powers and connected thoughts. The method of conveyance to the shore as the nearest point for the exercise of swimming powers involves, it is clear, a very closely connected series of ideas, extending further to the mapping-out of the further land-carriage of the progeny to the moat. One of Mr. Barrie's neighbours saw the procession from shore to castle.

The other story is sent me by a Birkenhead correspondent. He possessed a dog (variety not mentioned), which was accustomed to accompany his son and nephew to the factory where they acted as clerks. They carried each day a lunch-basket, which was brought home at night. On one occasion the lads forgot the empty basket, having left it in the factory office. On the way home the dog began a series of antics, jumping at them, and barking, as if anxious to impede their progress. At first they failed to notice the dog's behaviour, but its persistence at length caused them to come to a standstill in order to solve the reason of the animal's excitement. Unable to do so, they retraced their steps to the factory, only a short distance off. They had just entered the gate, when one of the lads remembered the lunch-basket. As he turned to fetch it, he met the dog, which had preceded him to the office, trotting out of the gate carrying the empty basket in its mouth. In this case the animal evidently reasoned that the carriage of the basket was a duty which had been neglected, and its attempts to call attention to the fact savoured of an intelligence which seems impossible of separation from that faculty we term reason in ourselves.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A widely coveted piece of ecclesiastical preferment has now been dispensed. For some months rumour has busied itself with the names of possible successors to Dr. Forrest at St. Jude's, South Kensington. In no single instance was Mr. J. D. Allcroft's choice anticipated. The living has been offered to and accepted by the Rev. Ernest Augustus Eardley-Wilmot, rector of Wolcot, Bath, and prebendary of Wells. Mr. Eardley-Wilmot was an exhibitor of Clare College, Cambridge, and took a first class in the theological tripos in 1871. In that year he was ordained by the Bishop of Chichester, and proceeded to his first and only curacy at Petworth. In 1874 he became vicar of Sherborne, and in 1882 migrated to St. James's, Tunbridge Wells. Four years later the Simeon trustees gave him the valuable rectory of Wolcot, and in 1890 the Bishop acknowledged his services to that diocese by making him a prebendary of Wells. The new vicar of St. Jude's is a decided Evangelical and an able preacher.

Canon MacColl has been pronouncing a very unfavourable judgment on Islam. It is, he says, the stereotyped perpetuation of the social and political condition of the Arabs at the time of Mohammed. "It perpetuates, by Divine and irrevocable sanction the great foes of civilisation—slavery, polygamy, and intellectual bondage. Islam and civilisation are eternally irreconcilable." To the objection that the Alhambra proves that Mohammedanism is compatible with a high degree of civilisation, Canon MacColl replies, first, that the Alhambra is the offspring of non-Mussulman brains, working within the narrow limits allowed by the Koran; next, that the Moors themselves were transformed by close contact with Christendom.

A laudable attempt is being made to unite Oxford and Cambridge at the Oxford House in Bethnal Green, the new and large buildings of which are making rapid progress. Hitherto, the work has been mainly done by Oxford men, though recruits from Cambridge have from time to time taken part in it. The work will now be largely extended, and it is hoped Cambridge men will take their full share in it.

Mr. Spurgeon's Norwood doctor has written to deny that his physicians ever despaired of his life. On the contrary, they believed he would recover. What they doubted, I believe, and still doubt, was whether he would ever be able to take up again his gigantic labours—more, at least, than a mere fraction of them. It has been said by one who has a right to speak that Mr. Spurgeon in his ministry at the Tabernacle did the work of six men.

The Dean-designate of Christ Church, Dr. Paget, has been preaching at All Saints', Clifton. His subject was "The Saints' Love for Man," and he insisted strenuously on the duty of forgiveness and charity. The sermon was much less elaborate than those in his published volumes.

Some feeling seems to have been raised at Oxford by the fact that Professor Max Müller ceases to be a curator of the Bodleian and a delegate of the Clarendon Press. He had completed ten years of service, and was eligible for re-election. But another candidate, Mr. Andrew Clark, was brought forward, upon which Professor Müller, perhaps not without relief, declined to stand.

It is a sign of the times that Mr. A. S. Peake, B.A., Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, and tutor of Mansfield, is to become a theological professor in the Primitive Methodist College, Manchester. Mr. Peake works along with Professor Sanday, and has shown himself a most promising scholar. Perhaps

we shall see in time a University man acting as theological instructor to the cadets of the Salvation Army.

"John Oliver Hobbes," the clever writer of "Some Emotions and a Moral," is a young lady whose father is a prominent deacon in Dr. Parker's City Temple.

Great satisfaction is felt at the installation of Prebendary Meynell as Provost at Denstone College. Denstone is situated in North Staffordshire amidst lovely scenery, and is the centre of a great work of Church education which has spread with amazing rapidity. Prebendary Meynell has been identified with the work from the beginning, and has long held the office of vice-provost, in which the head master very fitly succeeds him.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish Letters of Administration of the personal estate of Mr. Walter Martin Blake, late of Ballyghinin Park, Galway, who died at Loeche-le-Bains, Switzerland, on Sept. 25, a bachelor, without parent and intestate, granted at Tuam to Robert Blake, the brother, were resealed in London on Nov. 4, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £234,000.

The will (dated March 19, 1887), with a codicil (dated Aug. 1, 1888), of Mrs. Mary Ann Spencer-Bell, late of 1, Devonshire Place, and of Fawe Park, near Keswick, Cumberland, who died on Aug. 16, was proved on Oct. 31 by Thomas Hodgkin and Thomas Teshmaker Busk, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £69,000. The testatrix settles the Swinside estate upon her daughter Adelaide Eliza Spencer-Bell, who also succeeds to the Fawe Park estate; the South Lodge estate upon her daughter Helen Johanna Spencer-Bell; the Brandelhow estate upon her daughter Juliet Spencer-Bell; and she states that her son, Hubert John, is sufficiently provided for. There are legacies to executors, servants, and others, and the residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her said three daughters.

The will (dated March 25, 1887) of the Rev. Henry John Graham, late of Bulcote House, Scarborough, who died on Aug. 23, was proved on Nov. 4 by Henry John Graham and Hewley Smales Graham, the sons, and William Maude, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £50,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for all his children, except Clara Louisa Parker; £6000, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood; £1500, upon trust, for his said daughter Clara Louisa Parker; and legacies to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children except his said daughter.

The will (dated June 16, 1877), with a codicil (dated July 10, 1891), of Mr. William Augustus Clarke, late of Godalming, who died on Oct. 7, was proved on Nov. 2 by William Raymond Clarke, the son, Miss Eleanor Mary Clarke, the daughter, and John Debenham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £41,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to Lucy Banks Keen; and £100 to his executor, Mr. Debenham. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children in equal shares.

The will of Mr. John Coulson, late of 12, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood, who died on Aug. 8, was proved on Oct. 31 by Jackson Hunt and Manley Henry Power Coulson, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to

over £29,000. The testator, after giving some legacies, leaves the residue of his property, upon trust, to pay the income to Mrs. Ellen Coulson so long as she shall remain the widow of his late brother Manley Henry Coulson, and then for Jukes Coulson, Louisa Mary Sophia Coulson, Manley Henry Power Coulson, and John Leopold Coulson, the children of his said brother, in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 8, 1890), with a codicil (dated Jan. 24, 1891), of the Rev. William Philip Haslewood, late of 43, Harewood Square, who died on Oct. 3, was proved on Nov. 2 by Charles Frederick Millett, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington), the Cancer Hospital (Fulham), the Sussex County Hospital, the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation (Southampton Street), the Preventive and Reformatory Society (Euston Road), the Rescue Society (Finsbury Pavement), the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and to the Rector of Ardingley, Sussex, for the poor of his parish; and there are numerous devises and bequests to his wife, nephews, nieces, relatives of late wife, and others. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his nephews and nieces, and Emily Dering and Alice Beare, the two nieces of his late wife.

The will (dated Sept. 21, 1889) of Mrs. Mary Fleet, late of 191, Sydney Terrace, Reading, who died on Sept. 25, was proved on Nov. 5 by George Philbrick, Thomas Edward Hewett, and Samuel Preston, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £15,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2000 to Dr. Barnardo's Homes and Mission; £1000 to the British and Foreign Bible Society; £500 each to the Royal Berkshire Hospital and the Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics; £250 each to the Reading Dispensary, the Society for the Rescue of Young Women and Children (Finsbury Pavement), and the Evangelical Society (Surrey Street, Strand); and there are numerous gifts to nephews, nieces, and others. The residue of her property she leaves to her nieces and nephews, Sophia Ann King, Sophia Trix, Ann Cornish, Henry Whistler, and William Cumber, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1877), with three codicils (dated Nov. 6, 1878, August 1885, and May 7, 1887), of the Rev. John Oliver Williams Haweis, canon of Chichester, late of Slaughterham Crawley, Sussex, who died on Aug. 11, was proved on Nov. 4 by the Right Hon. Sir Charles S. C. Bowen, one of the Lords Justices of Appeal, and the Rev. Samuel Maude, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £10,000. There are various gifts and appointments in favour of his children; and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter Elizabeth Margaret.

The will and six codicils of Dame Mary Ann Bickerton Bisshopp, late of 31, Queen's Gate, South Kensington, who died on March 1, at 39, George Street, Devonport, were proved on Nov. 4 by William Brewer and John Hallett, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £5000. The deceased was the relict of the Rev. Sir Cecil Augustus Bisshopp, ninth baronet, and widow of Mr. Walter Long, M.P.

The Christmas lectures to juveniles at the Royal Institution will this year be on "Life in Motion, or the Animal Machine" (experimentally illustrated), and will be delivered by Professor John G. McKendrick, M.D., F.R.S., the Professor of Physiology in the University of Glasgow.

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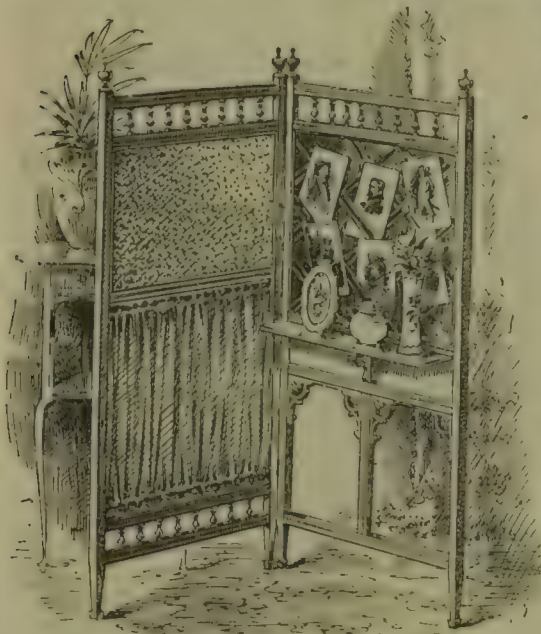
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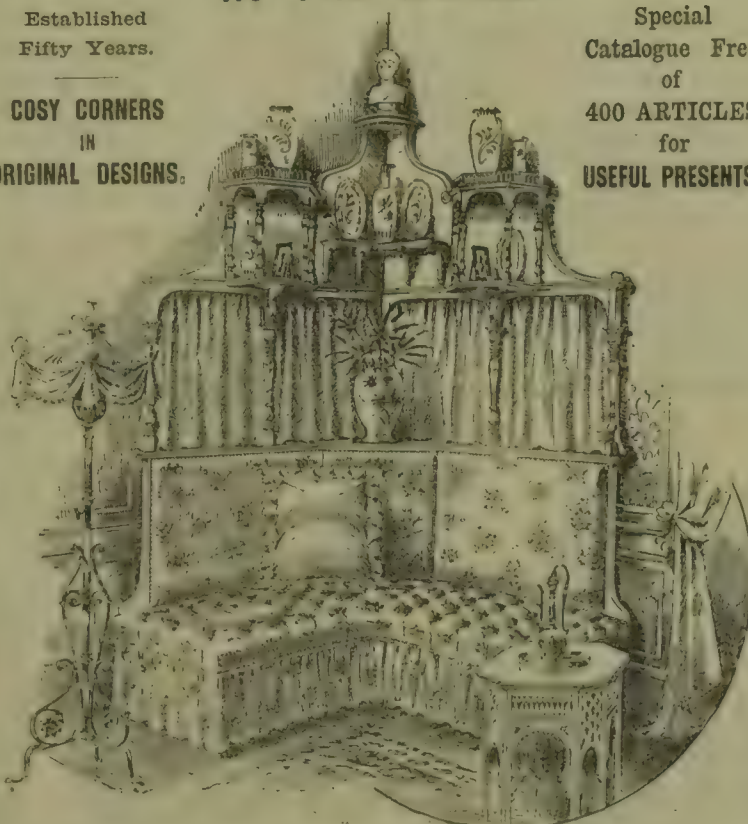
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I very much hope that "Gloriana" will succeed at the Globe Theatre. First of all, it is a thoroughly amusing comedy, with a good, old-fashioned flavour of farce in it; secondly, it is, taking everything into consideration, brightly and cleverly acted; thirdly and lastly, the author and adapter of "Gloriana," Mr. James Mortimer, has loved the stage so well, done so much for it, and stuck to his work so bravely, that when he gives us a well-written and amusing play it is "hard lines" if good fortune refuses to smile on him again. I like a man of determination and energy. Mr. James Mortimer has the courage of a bulldog. He does not care how often he is bitten in the fight for fortune: he never says die. I don't believe there is a writer in all London who worked under Mr. Mortimer in the days of his prosperity who would not rejoice to welcome a little sunshine for him behind the heavy and rain-laden clouds. Let us speak of a man as we know him—a thing not very often done in these days. It is too much the fashion when a man is down to kick him. There are few good Samaritans: the majority pass by on the other side. But when we who have passed through the mill can recall old days when the weekly work was ever done, and the weekly cheque never paid, can remember promises made and never fulfilled, proprietors full of bounce but destitute of sympathy, editors ready to drive but unwilling to encourage, why should not I gratefully remember the consistent, the loyal, and the upright gentleman who would have starved himself sooner than see his contributors go empty-handed away, and would have died sooner than throw his staff into the jaws of the enemy in order to save his own skin. I shall be told that all this is mere "sentiment." Well, it may be, but it is the kind of sentiment that lies deep in the nature of men who abhor sentiment. I am not the only journalist living who worked under Mr. James Mortimer in the days of the *Figaro*, and I am certain I am not the only member of the staff of that brilliant little paper who would refuse the author of "Gloriana" the handshake of good-fellowship. For we know our man, and we are convinced that the run of ill-luck in this instance was not caused by aught else than a perfectly legitimate and honourable ambition.

Some there are who complain that the name of Marivaux should not be mentioned in connection with "Gloriana." I do not see why. The new comedy-farce is not an exact rendering of any of Marivaux's plays, it is true; but in style and in tone it takes one back far more to the days of classical French comedy than to the times of irresponsible French farce. If it is too offensive to use the names of Marivaux and Molière, let us take that of Scribe. Granted an amusing subject, you can attack it in two ways. You can give it grace, polish, and elegance, or you can give it dirt. The modern French writers for the stage are like the nasty schoolboy: they like dirt for dirt's sake. We need no examples of this. These are the authors who have driven decent women out of the playhouse, and reserve the minor French theatres for the heroines of the half-world. Their predecessors in light French dramatic literature did not mind calling a spade a spade, but the age in which they lived was not so precise or mealy-mouthed as ours. Our own immediate ancestors would be considered terribly "coarse" if they addressed us to-day. But, apart from these crudities, they certainly delighted more than we do in the spirit of intrigue as applied to light-hearted comedy. Here, then, we have the genealogical tree. Marivaux in "Le Jeu de l'Amour

et de l'Hasard" is vulgarised for the dirty Palais Royal in "Le Truc d'Arthur": he is brought back to the old and purer comedy spirit in "Gloriana." Mr. Mortimer has shown before his sincere appreciation for French comedy of the old school. I can recall a delightful version by him of "Le Mariage de Figaro," which showed where his tastes lay. Why, he knew the Comédie Française when it really was the home of comedy and not a variety entertainment. He can remember Regnier and Bressant and Geoffroy and Delaunay and Coquelin the elder at his best, before he lost his head; and if Mr. Mortimer had ever had the luck to manage a theatre subvented not by the State but by wealthy patrons of the drama as an art, perhaps this good old comedy spirit would not have been a dead-letter. There is noisy comedy, and there is elegant comedy. "Gloriana" is a happy compromise between one and the other. It is midway between the Palais Royal and the Théâtre Français.

We cannot, however, blind our eyes to the fact that the playgoing public is gregarious. They go in a flock to certain theatres for certain entertainments. For farcical comedy they certainly go to the Criterion and the Comedy, and very naturally, because for a great number of years they have found at those theatres an entertainment as good as it can be of its class. There was a time when the Criterion was a little opera house; there was a time when the Comedy was a half-opera and half-burlesque house. But, by steadily sticking to one form of entertainment, they have created their own *clientèle*. There was a time also when the Globe was as popular a farce house as the Comedy or Criterion. But that was a long time ago. The days of "The Private Secretary" are almost ancient history. Since then we have had everything at the Globe, and nothing long. We have had drama, farce, opera, and Shakspeare. It takes some time to persuade the public that there is a good comedy to be seen at the Globe. During the period of waiting, the manager's heart may fail him and his courage break down. Sothorn's Lord Dundreary was within an ace of being lost to the playgoers of that time because "Our American Cousin" was almost given up as hopeless when it turned out a goldmine. The same thing, or very nearly the same thing, happened with "The Private Secretary." A good play only succeeds in a bad house, or a house that has a definite plan of its own, by one audience spreading the success far and wide. Far better than any Press criticisms is the one sentence, "Oh! I went last night to the Globe, and I was highly delighted. It is a capital play!" This is the kind of advice for the commercial playgoer, who does not mind paying, but does not like to be sold. Unfortunately, Mr. W. H. Vernon cannot stay long with "Gloriana," for he is off to the Cape almost immediately to direct a tour for that admirable artist Miss Geneviève Ward, who is welcome wherever she goes. Our cousins at the Cape will give her a hearty welcome, for she is an artist to the finger-tips. By the way, what a strange custom is this, to start a play with a favourite actor or actress, and then allow them to slip off elsewhere! Miss Elizabeth Robins started as the heroine of "The Trumpet Call": away she went to be the heroine of "The American." Mr. Vernon plays in "Gloriana," and then departs for the Cape. Who shall say, except accurate Mr. Davenport-Adams or Mr. Cecil Howard, how many changes there have been in Mr. Cecil Clay's "Pantomime Rehearsal"? Mr. Jones's new comedy is to be made celebrated by its changes of cast. Miss Maude Millett is now the heroine, *vice* Miss Winifred Emery, away on sick leave, and soon Mr. Weedon Grossmith is to waltz off to

another theatre. Actors and actresses are nowadays like will-o'-the-wisps or jack-o'-lanterns: you never know where to catch them. I doubt if the new custom of engaging an artist for a week to open the ball with is any more satisfactory to the manager than it is to the public. If we cannot have stock companies, do let us have the original creators through the first run of a play. Sickness is unavoidable, but artists are now deliberately engaged for a few weeks, to be succeeded by an understudy, who is generally a trained parrot, who must follow the lines of his predecessor. Mr. Vernon will be a great loss to "Gloriana." But it cannot be helped—he must go.

A London paper has distinguished itself by announcing the birth of a son to the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, with the surname of "College" at the head of the notice! The happy mamma is, however, not Mrs. College, but Mrs. Butler, the lady senior classic of a few years ago. This is the second son of the lady who won such distinction as Miss Agneta Ramsay, and who now seems bent on proving that her scholastic success has not unfitted her for the normal destiny of her sex.

Freemasonry is a natural ally of learned researches; and so Mr. W. H. Rylands, secretary of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, was duly installed, on Nov. 9, as Master of the Quatuor Coronati Lodge, the Wardens being Dr. W. Wynn Westcott, the Rev. C. J. Ball, and the treasurer, Mr. Walter Besant. This lodge, which requires a literary or artistic qualification from its members, has attached to it an "Outer," or Correspondence Circle, composed of subscribers to its printed "Transactions," the number of whom has already reached the respectable total of between twelve and thirteen hundred, and is still rapidly increasing.

Mr. Maslin, a very old and faithful servant of the Queen, says the *Court Circular*, departed this life on Nov. 14, in his eighty-second year, to her Majesty's great regret. He entered her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent's service at the age of seventeen, early in the year 1828, when the Queen was only nine years old, and remained with the Duchess until her Royal Highness died in 1861, when he entered her Majesty's service as page, and was in attendance at the Jubilee, but retired that autumn on account of failing health. He was the last remaining person, excepting one, who knew the Queen as a child, and remembered all her youth; and she deeply feels the severance of this link with the past. Mr. Maslin was greatly respected and liked by everyone.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. and Messrs. Charles Letts and Co., of 3, Royal Exchange, send us a variety of home and office diaries for 1892, which painfully remind us that another year is ending. What an opportunity for turning over a new leaf, many new leaves, is afforded by these solid volumes, many of which give a page to a day! A lady as anxious for self-dissection as Marie Bashkirtseff could hardly cover more ground—or, rather, paper—than is here afforded, and a man might well emulate Amiel or Senancour in the allotted space. But it is not the introspective writer, or even the pleasant diarist like Pepys, Scott, or Macaulay, for whom the firms we have named are catering. What would Amiel or Senancour have made of the innumerable tables of weights and measures, the wages table, and the accounts of foreign moneys? Like the author who troubles the soul of Mr. Walter Besant, he would "rather be cheated than do sums." No, it is the business man for whom these diaries are mainly constructed, and every year would seem to add to his convenience in this matter.

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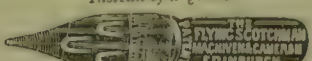
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FOREIGN NEWS.

The good impression made in Europe by the speeches of Lord Salisbury and the Marquis di Rudini has, on the whole, been confirmed by the address of the Austrian Emperor to the Delegations and the statements made by Count Kalnoky, the Austro-Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs, before the Hungarian Delegation on Nov. 14, and before the Austrian Delegation two days later. The Austrian Emperor's words, however, had at first been misunderstood, or inaccurately reported, with the result that some uneasiness was caused in political and financial circles; but this impression was soon dispelled when it was ascertained that the Austrian monarch was as confident as Lord Salisbury and the Marquis di Rudini that there was no reason to apprehend at present any disturbance of the peace of Europe.

By a curious and regrettable coincidence, the occasion of Count Kalnoky's speech was made use of by some unscrupulous persons in Vienna for the purpose of influencing the Bourse. A rumour was set afloat that the Minister had made a warlike speech, and there was a sharp panic, which, however, was of short duration. But, nevertheless, great mischief was done.

Briefly stated, the drift of Count Kalnoky's speech amounted to this—that, as has been asserted by the British and Italian Premiers, there was at present no cause for alarm, and that the Vienna Cabinet had received authentic and authoritative assurances that in no quarter was there any thought of aggression of any kind upon a neighbour. As to the future, Count Kalnoky expressed the opinion that the continuance of military preparation in all European States, by increasing facilities for war, might bring nearer the possibility of a war. This, it may be noted, has been the opinion of all political men for a considerable time; but it is the inevitable consequence of the division of Europe into two huge camps. Fortunately, there are several reasons why this consideration need not cause uneasiness, at all events for the present, and among others the following—(1) The season of the year; (2) the present state of Russia; and (3) the powerful influence for peace of Great Britain, which is not fettered by alliances, and is, therefore, in a position to play a most beneficial part in European politics.

The excitement on the German Bourse caused by the recent failures has subsided, but a feeling of anxiety still prevails, as it is feared that other failures may occur at any time. A few days ago a Charlottenburg broker gave himself up to the police, and confessed to having appropriated to his own private use securities deposited with him by his clients.

On Nov. 14 Prince Bismarck passed through Berlin on his

way from Varzin to Friedrichsruh, and was the object of a most enthusiastic and flattering reception. It was hoped that the ex-Chancellor would remain in the capital to attend the Reichstag, but so far he does not seem to have any intention of doing so.

M. Paul Lafargue, the Socialist, who was recently returned by the electors of Lille, has been set free, in virtue of a decision of the Chamber of Deputies claiming the privilege of Parliamentary inviolability for its new member. But a curious question has arisen. A petition has been presented to the President of the Chamber, asking that the election might be declared null and void on the ground that M. Lafargue is not a Frenchman, but a Spaniard, and that he was born in Cuba. M. Lafargue, in an interview with a Press representative, says that it is quite true he was born in Cuba; but he asserts that his father and mother were French, that his birth was registered at the French Consulate, and that when he married, in London, in 1869, he also made the necessary declaration and publication of banns both at the French Consulate in London and at the mayor's office at Bordeaux. This delicate question will have to be decided by the Committee of the Chamber whose duty it is to report on the validity of the election.

In consequence of the resolution carried at Lens at a meeting of the delegates of 40,000 miners of the northern Departments, a general strike has been declared. Notwithstanding the efforts of MM. Basly and Lamendin, the leaders of the miners, who tried to prevent a strike at a moment which, in their opinion, is not favourable, they were outvoted by the men's delegates. In the department of Pas de Calais alone 15,200 miners out of 24,000 are on strike, and collisions have occurred in various districts between the strikers and the men who have not left work.

The Peace Congress, which was opened at Rome on Nov. 11, came to a close on Nov. 16. At the final meeting a resolution was adopted urging upon the Governments of Europe to submit their differences to arbitration. It was also decided that the next congress should be held at Berne.

An Italian National Exhibition was opened at Palermo on Nov. 15, in presence of the Italian royal family, the Presidents of the two Chambers, and the local civil and military authorities. The King and Queen of Italy, who landed at Palermo the day before, were the object of an ovation.

A very satisfactory announcement was made in Washington on Nov. 10, to the effect that an agreement had been entered

into by Great Britain and the United States regarding the terms on which the differences between the two Governments on the subject of the Behring Sea Seal Fisheries are to be submitted to arbitration. The next day, however, it was said that the announcement was premature, as the agreement had not yet been signed, although there was no doubt that the matter would be settled within a very short time.

We constantly hear of the shrinkage of the world, but it would seem that as far as South America is concerned the old world and the new are as far apart as ever. In any case, recent events in Chile and the present revolution in Brazil have just proved that it is practically impossible to obtain accurate and trustworthy information on the real state of affairs in South American countries. All that can be safely said is that the United States of Brazil are now considerably disturbed in consequence of the forcible dissolution of Congress by Marshal Deodoro da Fonseca. It has since been reported that great discontent prevailed in Rio Grande, San Paulo, and Minas Geraes, and that a great movement against the dictatorship of Marshal da Fonseca was being organised. News has even reached Europe of a battle fought in Rio Grande, in which the Dictator's troops were defeated by the insurgents; but official telegrams from Rio state that "perfect tranquillity prevails in the country," and that "the movements in Rio Grande are purely local." So it may be; but in South America local movements spread with extraordinary rapidity at times, and it is a curious commentary on our boasted system of information that no detailed account from a purely independent source is, so far, available.

The ex-Emperor Dom Pedro, who is in France, has declared that he was ready to return to Brazil, if the nation desired his presence, in order to restore union in the country and ensure its integrity and greatness.

Sir Frank Lascelles, the newly appointed British Minister to Persia, arrived in Teheran on Nov. 14. He was received, according to custom, by the Persian authorities, who went to meet him outside the town, in which he afterwards made his entry and drove to the Legation under military escort.

The Belgian Chambers met on Nov. 10. There was no Speech from the Throne, but the Presidents of the Senate and of the Chamber of Deputies both stated that the session would be a short one, and chiefly devoted to the consideration of the revision of the Constitution.

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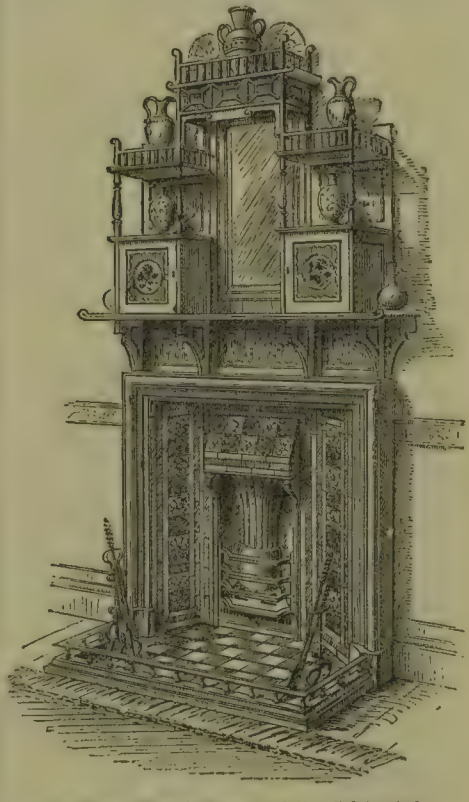
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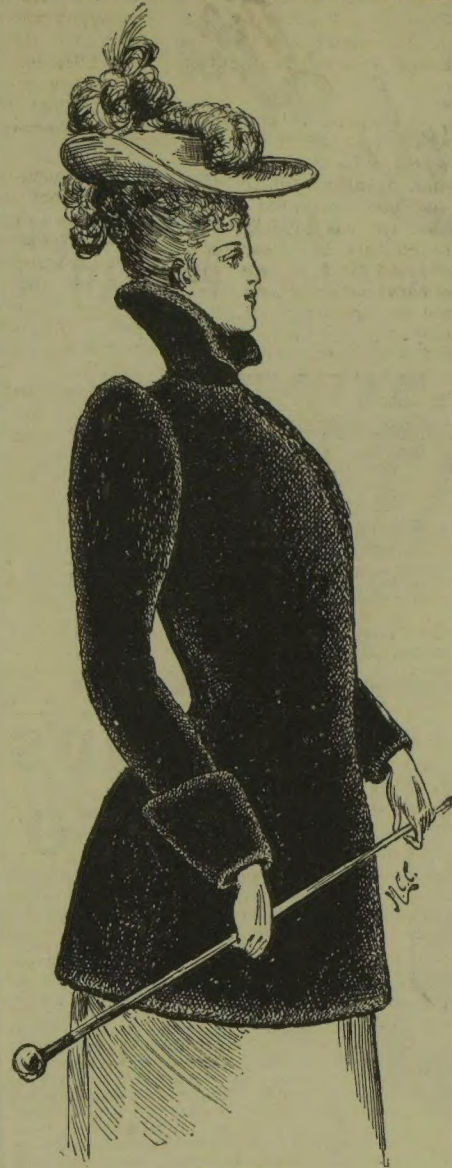
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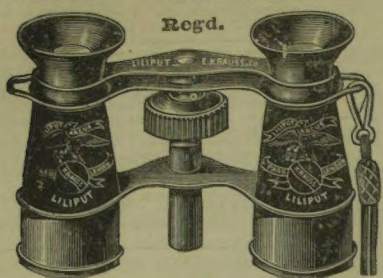
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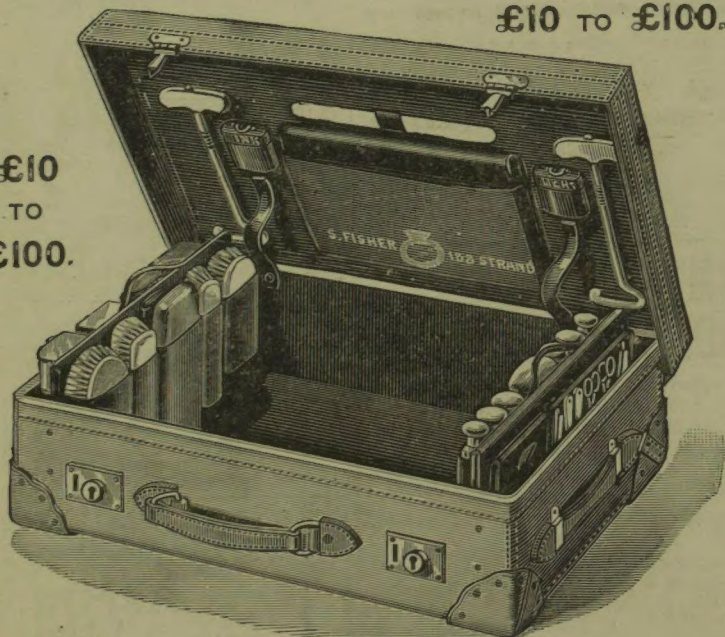
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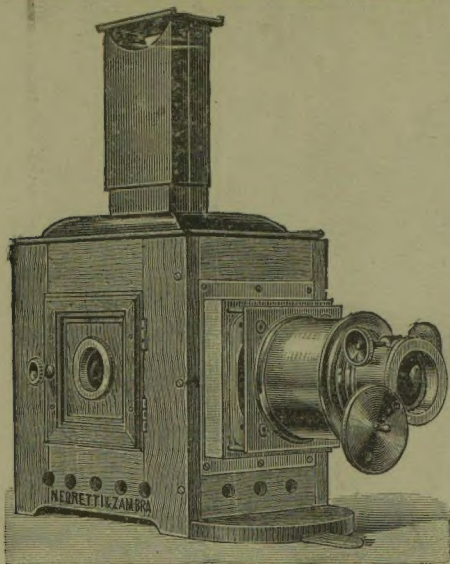
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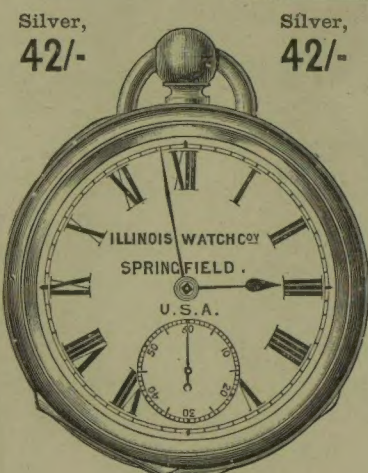
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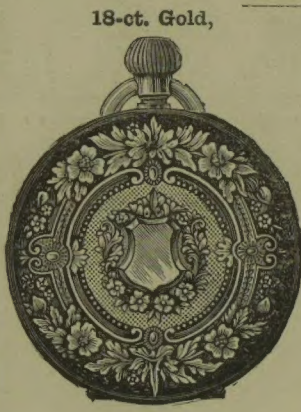
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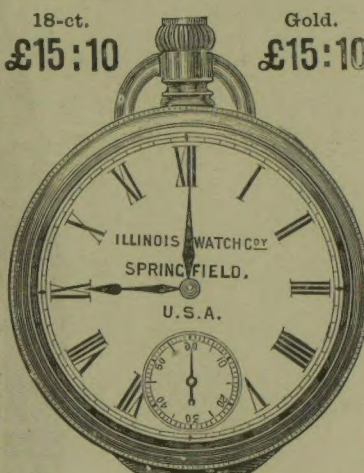


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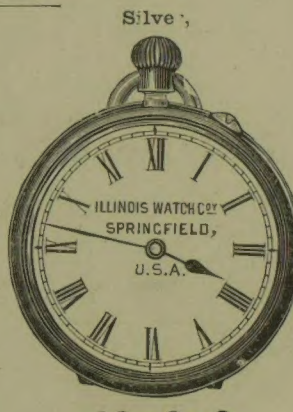
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